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DOGBERRY AT THE SEAT OF CUSTOM.

For half a century, or thereabouts, as poor students have known to their sorrow, our barbarous tariff laws have imposed a tax of twenty-five per cent upon the products of literary intelligence and learning, when those products have taken the shape of books printed in the English language within twenty years of the date of their importation. All protests against this stupid policy of discouraging education have proved unavailing in the several revisions of the tariff that have been made since the days when the Civil War compelled the taxation of everything that could be counted upon to yield revenue to a nation in desperate need. The need long ago disappeared, and the government coffers have been overflowing most of the time since; but the brutal exaction has continued to be practised, to our shame as a people. No one has ever been able to furnish a decent argument in its defence, for even the miserable plea of the petty selfish interest whining for government bolstering breaks down in this case. The scholar who has to have a book will buy it even at the inflated price, thereby making his forced contribution to a treasury that has no need of his sacrifice; he certainly will not buy a "protected" American book in its stead, and the benefit to the native author, publisher, or printer is thus wholly illusory.

Bureaucratic officialism, which is always on the alert to strain the tax laws in the interest of the treasury, and to subject them to forced interpretations whenever it sees an opportunity to increase the discomfort of its helpless victims, has found a fine field for its malevolent activities in the tax on books. It achieved a signal triumph when it reduced the duty-free importation of French and German books by the discovery that many of them contained quotations from English authors, or printed the titles of English books in their notes and bibliographies, thereby failing to meet the requirement that new books, to be untaxed, must be printed wholly in foreign languages. Such a preposterous ruling as this would seem incredible to a rational mind, but the mind which is its substitute in our custom-houses finds no difficulty in thus flouting the dictates of common sense, and many a student who has ordered from abroad

the latest continental literature in his special field of investigation has had to pay dearly for the carelessness of the foreign writer in citing English authorities.

A recent subject of adjudication by the Treasury Department is that of the duty to be paid upon books in leather bindings. Until recently, a book was a book, and as such paid its twenty-five per cent; even a book that had been sent to Europe for rebinding was permitted to return as a book (with the twenty-five per cent penalty), upon the theory that it was a book that had been repaired. But the discovery has now been made that a book may also be a manufacture of leather, and thus liable to a tax of forty per cent. This is the consequence of a "joker" in the Tariff Act of 1909, where the words "wholly or in chief value of paper" were deftly inserted in the description of the books that were to be subject to a book-duty only. Like all legislative "jokers," this one was intended to be unnoticed at first, but afterwards revealed to the keen scent of our watch-dogs of the treasury. On the face of the matter, the decision which has recently confirmed an assessment of forty per cent upon an invoice of leather-bound books seems to have the law literally upon its side. If the leather binding of a book is the component of chief value, a literal interpretation of the words above quoted would exclude it from the benefit of the lower rate. A fifty-cent book in paper may easily be made a manufacture of leather having a value of five dollars. But there is something to be said in behalf of common sense even in this case, and it is said in the dissenting opinion of General Appraiser Sharretts, who makes use of these significant words:

"Classification dependent upon the respective values of books and their binding will result in constant litigation, involving the almost hopeless task of establishing, with any degree of certainty, facts upon which to predicate a decision, for who is there wise enough to determine the precise value of the time and labor expended by the author who prepared the matter contained in the printed paper book before it had been bound, a prequisite in the determination of which is the greater value, the paper book so prepared or the piece of leather covering it. . . . The free list of the present act treats books, bound or unbound, with the same liberality as did all former acts, and I cannot believe that in the dutiable list, because these articles happen to be covered with a skiver of leather, Congress intended they should be relegated to a catch-all clause and classified along with bags, baskets, belts, satchels, and other miscellaneous manufactures of leather."

A second subject of contention between book importers and customs officials relates to the attempt of the latter to include unpaid royalties in the figure upon which duties should be assessed. This absurd claim, which the most fanatical advocate of "protection" for American printers and binders would be hard pressed to justify, has happily fallen into the hands of Secretary MacVeagh, who has at least swept some of the cobwebs away from the discussion, and to that extent routed the Dogberrys of the customs. His decision reads that the royalty

"Does not constitute a part of the cost of printing and selling the publication and does not accrue to the benefit of the vendor or shipper, but is paid to the author either in this country or abroad for the privilege of using his manuscript, and in the department's opinion, is clearly not a part of the dutiable value of the sheets imported."

One exception is made to this ruling in the case of books which are imported at a wholesale price that does not separate royalty from the other elements of cost to the foreign publisher. In this case it is held, unfortunately and illogically, in our opinion, that

"The wholesale price at which the same are so sold or offered for sale constitutes the foreign market value, and is therefore the dutiable value thereof regardless of the items of cost, profit, royalty, etc., which may have been taken into consideration in fixing such price."

We are sorry that the decision does not put an end once for all to the whole miserable business of taxing the English author directly. It is bad enough to tax him indirectly by penalizing the American purchaser of his books to the extent of twenty-five (or forty) per cent upon the material cost. The English publisher sells a book at, say, one dollar. But of this sum from fifteen to thirty cents comes to the publisher only as trustee; it does not belong to him, and has absolutely nothing to do with the cost of the book in any sense with which the "protection" principle is concerned. In the final analysis, it amounts to "protecting" the American printer to an extent considerably beyond the twenty-five per cent of his own demand. This is made clear in the detailed statement of the case made last July by Mr. George Haven Putnam, who has for so many years fought stoutly for decency in our treatment of English authors and publishers, and whose logic is of the unassailable sort that must ultimately prevail.

A third subject of dispute, still under advisement, is that of the price upon which the tax should be computed in the case of special arrangements whereby the American publisher or bookseller takes over a part of the edition of some English work. In such a case the English publisher is apt to figure rather closely, and make the sale close to the bare margin of profit, which in turn may result in a lowered retail price in the American market. The customs

officials, enraged at the idea that books should be bought for so little money, are now trying to substitute an artificial valuation (based upon the selling price in England) for the actual invoiced valuation of the books. The case to them illustrates the abhorred practice of "dumping" in one of its most flagrant forms. Perhaps they may be able to carry their point in this case also, since animus rather than reason seems to be the mainspring of their actions. But the darkest hour is just before the dawn, and we may all awake some fine morning, and rub our startled eyes to behold the whole system and apparatus of taxation on books itself made the object of a most uncompromising process of "dumping"—cast by an enlightened public conscience upon the rubbish heap—or to discover it exemplifying anew Arnold's beautiful figure:

> "The sun shone in the new-wash'd sky,
> And what from heaven saw he?
> Blocks of the past, like icebergs high,
> Float on a rolling sea!"

When that glad day dawns for us, and, in the allied matter of international copyright, we take our belated stand upon the platform of the Berne Convention, we may indeed feel that we are entitled to be counted among the civilized nations.

PENSIONS AND THE LEARNED PROFESSIONS.

It is part of the undisciplined heritage which we call human nature, to assert rights strenuously and assume obligations reluctantly. With the growth of the altruistic spirit, which cultivates thinking in the larger terms of social benefit, the sense of public obligation is gradually and laboriously maturing. There is no idea that stands in greater need of this beneficent socialization than that conveyed by the term "pension." American experience has been peculiarly unfortunate in linking the term with one of the greatest scandals of public extravagance, showing human quality at its worst. It is also unfortunate that the pity extended to old age and poverty and lack of thrift, has enveloped the term in an atmosphere of charity. Foreign examples and an attention to principles should have kept in mind the more dignified sense which the pension may carry as a recognition of merit, a badge of honor. It will ever be impossible, and perhaps undesirable, to separate the economic responsibility applicable to all meritorious servitors of society from the special recognition to be accorded those who might well be relieved of economic pressure, or to those who through devotion to intellectual or moral purpose have been debarred from the more lucrative pursuits. The distinction is none the less to be held and clarified, despite the similar resultant expression; moreover, the sturdy justice and even the humanitarian sympathy that invites to the acceptance of economic responsibility is itself congenial to the sentiment that finds a duty and a pleasure in lending honor and dignity to a pension conferred in recognition of distinguished or altruistic service.

Our sole institution for realizing this claim to recognition of the learned classes owes its existence to the wisdom and beneficence of one man—the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. The present reflections are prompted by the opinions of its president, Dr. H. S. Pritchett ("Popular Science Monthly" for November), in discussion of the "Moral Influence of a University Pension System,"—or let us say frankly by the considerations which are conspicuously absent from his presentation. We stand ready to accord Mr. Pritchett the authority of judgment as to management, growing out of his official experience and accumulated wisdom; but we cannot grant him by virtue of his office any special warrant in the appraisal of wise principles which management is to follow, other than that conferred by the possession of insight and ideals and the personal qualities to carry them into expression. We are ready to accept his summary that "the experience of the world seems to point strongly to the conclusion that on the whole a contributory form of pension is likely to be more just and least harmful"; and we cannot withhold a regret that the experience of the world was not available five years ago when the contrary policy was adopted by the Carnegie Foundation. Let it be recognized that every pension system applicable to many and to all sorts and conditions of men presents problems of management and requires economic considerations of the greatest good—or, as Mr. Pritchett seems to view it, the least harm—of the largest number. The Foundation must balance its books by economic as well as by intellectual and moral standards. Yet fundamentally the selection of university professors of selected institutions as beneficiaries carries an honor and a privilege as well as a benefit. This aspect of the pension must dominate and guide the spirit of the institution as it inspired Mr. Carnegie's deed of gift and appealed to his wisdom and philanthropy; and considerations of management must on no account or pretext be permitted to disturb the trend of a far-reaching purpose, or to encroach upon the field where policy is sacred and politics profane.

Mr. Pritchett's article gives the impression of an official weighed down with administrative annoyances, and deeply concerned to avert the impending demoralization of the professor when confronted by the remote prospect of an allowance granted without supervision or under the care of a trustee or guardian, if such should be granted at an age when the allowance might still be used for the advantage of his career. Mr. Pritchett's doubts extend to many distressing aspects of the professor's character. Under these circumstances it would be as fair as kind that President Pritchett should be relieved of the burdens of his office, which might well be placed

in the hands of someone more strongly convinced of the worthiness of the academic class as beneficiaries, and more deeply interested in furthering the purposes for which the Foundation was established. The symptoms, we venture to diagnose, point to another case of the prevalent malady of hypertrophy of the executive centres of the spinal cord, and atrophy of the higher cerebral centres of intellectual vision and directive purpose. The suggestion is obvious that the malady may be of contagious origin, since the Board of Trustees is made up of college presidents. But is it not translucently clear that this institution, of such profound significance for the academic life of the nation and of such great potentiality for intellectual interests—an institution founded purely and simply for the benefit of one of the learned professions, and unhampered by fund-eating buildings, or the clamor of students, or the demands of the public, or the contentions of rivals — might well serve as an exemplar by determining its measures in the larger spirit of academic welfare? In benighted Germany, professors are actually summoned to councils of state; in enlightened America they are not granted a single representative on the council of an institution founded exclusively for their own interests.

The "moral" considerations brought to bear on the discussion of a pension system are such as these: that "human nature in teachers and in working men is in no sense different"; that "thrift is a fundamental human virtue . . . hard to build up . . . easy to break down"; that "profitable study and the cheerful performance of severe tasks are aided by serenity, not perplexity of mind"; "that there is little danger that a pension will demoralize a man who up to sixty-five or seventy years of age has given his life to the hard and unselfish work of a teacher"; that "every teacher . . . thinks his own situation is unique and that he is entitled to consideration of a special sort by reason of his particular and unusual service"; that "all this arises out of the qualities of human nature"; that "on the whole the number of those whose selfishness is touched by such a benefit [the pension at the age of sixty-five] is small, as small as one ought to expect"; that "if it be true that we are still so uncivilized that a prospect of serene and helpful old age is demoralizing to men of high intellectual training, then the cure for this situation does not lie in making old age uncertain and insecure, but in the gradual education of men to a better ideal of life."

We have made a sincere effort to take to heart these profound, stimulating, and consoling truths, or near-truths, but have failed woefully in extracting from them a set of principles that when embodied in measures will give the largest returns to society from the partial economic relief of those whose pursuits and ability entitle them to such privilege and honor. We find it a little difficult to decide whether it is candor or an insensibility to inconsistency that admits that the number of those who look upon a pension system for what they can get out of it is very small, yet appraises the entire "moral" influence of a pension by the attitude of these heavily pigmented members of the flock, and shapes the measures of a great Foundation to checkmate the sinister intentions of a stray individual. Such is the dismal triumph of efficient administration; and such the usual sacrifice of the higher interests of the worthier cause which is borne in silence. In the administrator's heaven there is joy over one sinner who is thwarted, more than there is grief over the lost opportunities of ninety-and-nine righteous persons who need no thwarting. Yet let us be optimistic, if we can decently be so without becoming platitudinous or superficial. It fortunately remains true that one of the largest and best influences of a pension system lies in its promise of security that enables the beneficiary, be he Justice of the Supreme Court or Professor at Harvard, to pursue his career with some singleness of purpose, with lessened anxiety over the depressing uncertainties of the future. The virtue of even a small pension lies in its security as well as in its status as an earned privilege coming to one by right and not by charity. Such security we attach to the institutions of law and government, and to the enduring virtues that give permanence to human ideals and their progressive embodiment; we associate it with the stability of economically sound governments, and with the public and private vested interests that flourish under enlightened governments. In little things as in big ones, adherence to principle and an understanding of its vital significance tells in the long run and in the short run. Yet so little sense of the relation of principle to measure was shown by the Foundation that the clause relating to the widow's benefit indicated that the Trustees *may* vote her half the allowance to which her husband was entitled; and the *may* became a *shall* only through the urgency of others. It is not the principle of the matter, but the grateful letter of a widow receiving fifty dollars a month, that impresses Mr. Pritchett with the redeeming value of a pension system. Gratitude is in place in any good cause, but it is well to maintain a perspective in human relations. For the security of earthly benefits, one may well be grateful; for they are subject to vicissitudes at best. Yet the other form of security is quite as vital and more under control: the steadfast adherence to commanding principles and the loyalty to obligation tempered by judicial wisdom. Two years have not been long enough to make men forget the shock occasioned by the peremptory withdrawal of one — and in principle the more liberal and promising — of the two fundamental provisions of the Foundation. It is that sort of insecurity that makes men lose their faith in even the best of men, and gives the sting to regret. It is that, too, that circulates disquieting rumors and makes men suspicious of proffered reasons, and specious time-serving arguments, and all the subtler disingenuousness not less damning than the coarser duplicities of politics. We sincerely wish that in our temporary essay at optimism, we might convince Mr. Pritchett once for all that the University pension sys-

tem can only do good, endless good, far-reaching good in more ways than we can take space to enumerate, and induce him to dismiss his phobia of professorial demoralization and devote his talents to the study of the possibilities of liberal and unrestricted and secure provisions to further the interests of the learned professions. What is really demoralizing and does endless harm is the flopping and tacking of those who set the course, the weak grasp of or adherence to underlying purposes as reliable and as indispensable as the compass. May we not moralize for his benefit, and remind him that *confidence* "is a fundamental human virtue . . . hard to build up . . . easy to break down."

We have said more of the Carnegie Foundation and less of the value of pensions for the learned professions than was our intention. But the concrete ever engages the attention; and it is often the more urgent and useful measure to set right the faulty steering in the short tack of the moment on the skiff upon which we are embarked, than to chart the future course of the great ship of state that must eventually carry our ventures. Human highways, moreover, are not like the broad open sea; they get clogged with tradition and littered with the debris of precedent, and the retracing of steps is often peculiarly troublesome. But the two phases of the theme are of one nature. It is an underlying distrust of the man of learning, the hesitant recognition of his value for the intellectual resources of the nation, that makes public interests dilatory in providing such honorable recognition as the pension stands for, and as well leads to weak and floundering consideration and operation of the measures adopted. Born of the same feeble confidence is the emphasis placed upon administrative restrictions and the exaltation of near-sighted business prudence. All this makes for an exaggerated intolerance of the minor disadvantages or even abuses inherent in every good movement, and for a tragic disregard of the great lost opportunities. We believe in higher education, in the value of the learned professions; we should like a goodly share of the great contributions to science and invention, to art and literature, to noble thoughts and human endeavors, to emanate from Americans; but we are chary or stupid in providing the free and effective play of forces, the favoring environment which gives these blossoms their nurture. We see no reason why roses should not be grown like cabbages, and orchids like peas, — and we want the roses thornless. We insist that the business methods that make the one crop flourish must be efficacious for the other. Foreign example is unconvincing, too heavily laden with conditions condemned by a triumphant democracy as out-of-date. And so our statesmanship in politics carries the flavor of the market-place and the outlook and insight of the "boss"; and the guidance of cultural interests, reflecting a kindred narrowness of perspective, fails or imperfectly succeeds by reason of the absence of just that superadded but indispensable touch of intellectual integrity and spiritual vision, that at that level divides the worthy from the unworthy results. Such is the law of the upper ranges of human quality and human standards. Defections wholly pardonable, and not over-serious in their consequences for the ordinary interests of life, become fatal for the extraordinary ones. When we shall have learned this lesson and rendered to each of the learned classes the tribute that is its due, and shall entrust their interests to those imbued with the spirit thereof, we shall institute more liberal provisions for their welfare and administer more liberally those that favoring circumstances permit us to establish. Meanwhile the learned classes may accept the imposed or self-imposed burden of appreciatively though critically proclaiming the merit of good measures, while maintaining the struggle and the hope for the advent and the survival of the best.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE BEST SCHOOL OF LITERARY EXPRESSION, according to Professor Lounsbury in a noteworthy deliverence on "Compulsory Composition in Colleges," published in the November "Harper," is the school of suffering. "There is nothing like misery to improve the style," he affirms after citing Lincoln's Gettysburg oration — the eloquent utterance of a man of sorrows — as an example of a style chastened by soul-trying experiences. The exaction of frequent themes from young persons having nothing to write and little power of clear expression he considers foolishness. The general introduction, forty years ago, of English composition into our colleges has not, so far as he can see, tended to produce great masters of literary style; and he would remove the compulsion and make this course an elective for the few and fit. Hard study, he believes, also can develop the muscles of the mind and do more to impart a sinewy, vigorous, direct and powerful manner of expression than any amount of compulsory theme-writing. It can at least serve as a poor substitute for the hard knocks of life that made Grant and Lincoln so masterly and forcible with their pens. In what the Yale emeritus professor of English says — and he expresses himself at some length, and should be read in full — there is much that must win every reader's assent; nevertheless, is it to be endured that graduates from our colleges should go out into the world unable to handle a pen with correctness and even some degree of elegance? Undergraduate practice of some sort must be insisted upon for all. To wait for original ideas to move to utterance is in many instances like waiting for the water to come to him who would learn the art of swimming.

* * *

DR. WILEY AS CLASSICAL SCHOLAR AND POET, as a former college instructor in Latin and Greek, as a linguist who can talk Romaic with the bootblack from Athens, and Latin with any Catholic priest or other Latinist, is undoubtedly far less known to the world than Dr. Wiley the pure-food champion, the

"big chief" of the bureau of chemistry at Washington, the utterer of witty sayings and maker of apt retorts, and the good comrade to those associated with him professionally or meeting him in the daily walks of life. "If I had a child," he is reported to have said, "I would teach it Latin at eight and Greek at ten. . . . This proposed new universal language — Esperanto — why, it is almost wholly Latin. Take the Latin away and there wouldn't be enough for a skeleton of a language. Why don't they make a universal language of Latin? It would be much more practical. Greek is not a dead language. There is more difference between the English of Chaucer and the English of to-day than there is between the Greek of Homer and the Greek of to-day. I can talk Greek with bootblacks on the street and make myself understood and understand them." Dr. Wiley is also the author of pastoral poetry — or perhaps it should be called agricultural verse — notably some dialect lines entitled "Farmer Johnson's Impressions of the Institute," which are thought to have done as much for scientific farming as have his more serious labors in the Department of Agriculture. A noteworthy and characteristic reply of his to a questioner who asked him why he did not retaliate on his enemies, was this: "When I was a young man I made up my mind never to allow myself to harbor any personal resentment. It doesn't pay." His liberal education owes much to the influences of a home whose head, he declares, "was a remarkable man." The literature he grew up on he states to have been the English Bible, the Greek Testament, "The Atlantic Monthly," and "The National Era" — the latter once well known as an anti-slavery journal. These, he says, "I read and absorbed."

* * *

THE PUBLISHER'S OPINION OF THE BOOK-REVIEW should carry weight, since he spends each year, if he does a large business, thousands of dollars in supplying the press with copies of his books for review purposes. A careful investigation of the matter by a writer in the Boston "Transcript" brings out some significant facts. Five or six prominent New York publishers were interviewed, and all agreed in emphatic endorsement of the competent, discriminating review (whether favorable or the reverse) as a powerful aid in promoting the commercial success of a book. "You can't always trace it," said one of the publishers interviewed, "but there is no doubt they [the reviews] introduce a book to the reader more readily, and command a more respectful attention, than a regular advertisement." Instances in his own experience were then cited by the speaker to illustrate the effect of an appreciative expert appraisal of a book. "It doesn't matter," he added, "in one sense, whether a review is favorable or unfavorable, so long as it is done seriously and competently." All the publishers interviewed seem to have been like-minded in their contempt for the unwisely laudatory review, the good-natured or ignorant estimate of a work at more than its genuine worth. They acquire, through much experience, the ability to see through an incompetent or complaisant reviewer, and they have no use for him. Also, they were unanimous in regarding the sales of fiction as not by any means so perceptively influenced by reviews, though they admitted that most novel-readers like to see what the reviewers have to say about the novels of the day.

* * *

RURAL EXTENSION OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY claims the thought and energy of many librarians at present. In the current issues of both the Indiana "Library Occurent" and the Vermont "Bulletin" (periodical publications of the library commissions of these States) mention is made of this movement to carry the public library into the more thinly settled districts. Dry-goods boxes, painted a dark green, cheaply serve as transportation cases; a friendly farmer will often do the carting for nothing; and a schoolhouse, country store, or farmhouse can easily be found for the deposit of the precious freight. An ingenious and simple charging system with card-catalogue combined has been devised, which serves also as a record of the nature and extent of each book's public service. These outlying deposit stations do not need large collections of books in order to attract borrowers; quality is of greater importance than quantity. In Indiana, where whole townships are now receiving, for a proper consideration, the benefits of libraries hitherto exclusively used by smaller communities, the carrying of the books to the people seems to accomplish far more than the inviting of the people to the books. In Ludlow, Vermont, baskets of books are sent out to the four district schools in town, and to ten schools in the surrounding towns. Who knows but this rural extension service may even tend to check the excessive and increasing flow of our country population city-ward?

* * *

THE UNIVERSAL AND IRRESISTIBLE APPEAL OF "TOM SAWYER" receives additional and notable tribute in the fact that a new series of Hebrew books for the young, just started in London, begins with a translation of Mark Twain's masterpiece, under the title "Meorarath Tom." Henceforth the immortal impersonation of all that is most richly and delightfully typical of sturdy, irrepressible, adventure-loving, danger-daring boyhood will add a new joy to the life of the Jewish lad of Rostov or Kazan, even as it has proved a joy and, in its way, an inspiration to the youth of this country and England. From the banks of the Mississippi to those of the Yang-tse-kiang, Tom is as sure of making his way straight to the reader's heart as is Robinson Crusoe or Sindbad the Sailor or Jack the Giant-killer. Into how many tongues "Tom Sawyer" has already been translated probably no one could say with anything like certainty; but that it will eventually appear in Arabic and Chinese and Hindustani versions, if it has not already done so, would be a not very unsafe wager.

TOLSTOY'S LAST PLAY, "The Living Corpse," which is soon to be published in English together with a few posthumous stories and miscellanies, has appeared on the Russian stage and is about to appear likewise in Vienna, Paris, and probably elsewhere. The plot of it — the make-believe suicide of a magnanimous husband in order to remove the legal obstacle to his wife's marriage with the man she really loves, and a base informer's subsequent betrayal of the scheme to the police — offers possibilities for sensational melodrama of a cheap sort; but from such reports as have reached us the theme seems to have been handled in a manner not unworthy of the reformer and sage who chose it (from the court records of Moscow) as the subject of a philosophical drama. The unselfishness of the husband, who finally kills himself in earnest to unsnarl the matrimonial tangle, and the native human goodness of all the principals concerned (except the blackmailing informer), are brought out and emphasized in idealistic fashion, with a corresponding subordination of the gruesome or criminal aspects of the case. Pathetic is the illustration here offered of Tolstoy's belief to the last in human goodness so long as it is not warped or suppressed by social order or man-made law or other artificial restraint or violence.

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THE POMFRET PLAN OF LIBRARY MANAGEMENT, devised by the Pomfret librarian, Mrs. Abba Doton Chamberlin, is admirably adapted to the needs of small towns — just such towns, in fact, as Pomfret, Vermont, where it is giving great satisfaction. The Pomfret Public Library dates from 1896, the library building, given by Judge Ira A. Abbott, from 1905, and the present administration from 1907. Here are some brief extracts from a most interesting pamphlet entitled "A Vermont Library," written chiefly by Mrs. Chamberlin, edited by Mr. John Cotton Dana, and attractively printed at the Elm Tree Press, of Woodstock, Vt. "On May 1, 1907," says Mrs. Chamberlin, "I became, at Judge Abbott's request, librarian. Since then the library has always been open, for I live in the building. I know everybody, old and young, in the town, and so need no system of registering borrowers. Books are lent to all who ask for them, and charged on slips in the simplest possible way." "Records are carefully kept, but no fines are taken for overdue books. We put our patrons on their honor, and they are loyal to us." "The building is open each week day at all reasonable hours, just as is every farmhouse. On Sundays it is open from 2 to 6 p. m." "It struck me that the first thing to do was to try to make the rooms look a little more social. I had a mahogany parlor set of furniture; a good musical instrument in a rosewood case; an old mahogany dining table; some dainty stands and various other things. These I moved in. City people coming in would say, 'I'll give you $100 for that table!' But the reply always was, 'It answers very well where it is for the present.'" Mrs. Chamberlin has instituted ingenious devices for publicity; has caused every schoolhouse in town to become a branch library; has otherwise pushed the usefulness of her library into the remotest corner of Pomfret, which covers thirty-six square miles; has made arbitrary rules give way to reason; has, in short, proved herself a born librarian, and has attracted admiring attention from far beyond the borders of Pomfret — which, by the way, is a little town of only seven hundred inhabitants.

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FINANCING A NEW TRANSLATION OF THE ANCIENT CLASSICS would not appeal to every retired banker as a desirable mode of occupying one's leisure and employing one's surplus revenue. All the more, then, does it redound to the credit of Mr. James Loeb that he should propose to himself this enterprise as a means of popularizing, so far as may be, a portion of the world's best but at present least-read literature. Here is a project far more serious than drawing up a list of the hundred best books, or suggesting suitable candidates for a five-foot library-shelf. Where will the adequately-equipped translators be found — thorough classical scholars who are at the same time free from the pedantry of specialization and gifted with powers of apt and idiomatic and pleasing literary expression? Humanists and not philologists or grammarians are called for; but modern classical drill has been designed to produce the latter rather than the former. How many at present have the mingled qualities of scholarship and enthusiasm and literary taste to do for Homer or Tacitus what Munro so excellently did for Lucretius, and Conington for Virgil, and Jowett for Plato? As an illustration of the possible attractiveness and readability of a translated classic, the version of Horace's Letters noticed in our preceding issue may be cited, though a would-be popular edition should not be of the limited or *de luxe* sort. That Mr. Loeb will find his properly-equipped translators and successfully carry through his project, is to be hoped by all friends to the cause of good literature.

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BOOK-PRODUCTION IN CANADA is reported from Toronto as still an almost negligible quantity, so far as the actual manufacture of the books is concerned. The Dominion demanded its own special copyright law, but the market for literary wares remains so small and so inactive that rarely does it prove profitable to publish at home. The great publishers of the United States and England receive in growing numbers the manuscripts of Canadian writers, and not a few of these get themselves published each year. The present season brings forth an unusual number of books treating historically and descriptively of Canada itself, chiefly by Englishmen who have been visiting the country and travelling especially in its vast new West. Other departments of literature are represented by works of Canadian authorship, but in a population no larger than Canada's not very many poets and novelists and historians and essayists can be reasonably looked for.

The New Books.

Memoirs of a Free-Thinker and Free-Lance.*

In the opening chapter of Mr. Frederic Harrison's "Autobiographic Memoirs," two substantial volumes crowded with the memories and the meditations of four-score years, the assertion is made that "biography, the typical literature of our age, feels the reaction of the ceaseless multiplication of lives to record, until the best and greatest lives are too often overwhelmed in the flow of the obscure and the commonplace. But," adds the writer, "about this it is not for me to say more, for I am conscious of 'giving myself away.'" Luckily he did not dwell so long on the plethora of "lives" now filling our bookshelves as to become deterred from the project of adding one more, but felt that if the story of his own life were ever to be told in print he himself was the one best fitted to tell that story accurately and in sufficient detail.

Mr. Harrison was born in London, Oct. 18, 1831, of well-to-do parents, who gave careful, possibly too careful, attention to his education. Habits of revery and introspection, which less often show themselves in boys that rub elbows and exchange fisticuffs with their kind, appear to have been his in childhood and youth. From Oxford, on his twenty-first birthday, we find him writing to his mother a letter which he now publishes in part, to show what a "sententious prig" he once was. A short passage may amuse the reader, as it must have amused the writer — sixty years after.

"You may fancy the last few days (entering as I am on full age) have had for me no ordinary significance; and that the epoch, a turning-point — at once a goal and a starting-post in life — has filled me with vague and yet powerful emotions as I approached it. I have never yet stepped from a lower to a more important sphere without hesitation and apprehension, and I do so no less now in this strange advance. In truth, it is an awful time; and yet, the feelings it awakens are so complicated and vague, so mingled with hope and fear, with self-confidence and backward regrets, that I cannot comprehend and explain them — whilst even now the new necessities and duties commence — dreams must give way to action, and work is thrust upon my hands and gives no place for reflection."

The devout tone of some of these early letters, and their writer's ready acceptance of the religion of his forebears, do not exactly picture the child as father of the man in his case, though probably the truth is that the devotion and the reverence have in the intervening years merely changed their declared objects rather than suffered any diminution. Even in the "awful time" referred to above, the serious young man felt a repugnance for the Church as a profession, and therefore complied with his father's desire that he should study for the Bar. But these studies were half-heartedly undertaken, with no expectation or even wish to excel as a barrister; and consequently, though he practised several years with success, we soon find his attention diverted to other interests — to literature, to Comte's philosophy, to art, to travel, to public questions, to sundry warm personal friendships, notably with Ruskin and with his former tutor Richard Congreve. As a valuable initiation into general literature, he had discharged, apparently with unusual zeal and faithfulness, the duties of librarian of the Oxford Union; and in the fine arts his home influences and early reading and studies had made him no mean connoisseur. Among other details of this highly interesting period in Mr. Harrison's life it must not be forgotten that he won, to his surprise and gratification, a fellowship in his college (Wadham), which he seems to have held until his marriage fifteen years later. The following passage from an early chapter is of significance, especially if one reads between the lines:

"The only University Prize which ever attracted me was the Arnold Essay — *The Jews in Europe in the Middle Ages*, 1856. This seemed to me a really interesting study, and I set about it with spirit. Through Miss A. M. Goldsmid, the learned daughter of Sir Isaac, the first baronet, I was introduced to Dr. Löwe, an eminent rabbi and Hebrew scholar, who gave me a most useful list of books and other suggestions for research. I continued making notes and collecting volumes for some time; but as I was particularly anxious that John Bridges should win the prize, I handed my materials to him, knowing that he would use them much better than I could. This he did, and gained the prize by an admirable essay, published in the Oxford Essays of 1857. This prize and the Oriel Fellowship amply redressed his failure to secure his First Class in the Honours School. By the way, I find in an old letter of that date that one of the examiners had admitted to the tutors '*that Bridges was the ablest man in.*' Oxford Class Lists indeed have as many surprises as horse-racing. The 'ablest,' like the fleetest, does not always come first to the post."

The public life of Mr. Harrison — his membership on a trades-union commission in 1867–69, his services in the London County Council from 1889 to 1893, his later holding of a county magistracy in Kent, and other activities for the public good — contains for the reader so much less of interest than his literary life and private studies, that no excuse need be offered for dwelling chiefly on the latter. A seat in Parliament seems to have been well within Mr. Harrison's

*Autobiographic Memoirs. By Frederic Harrison, D.C.L., Litt.D., LL.D. In two volumes, with portraits. New York: The Macmillan Co.

reach, had he cared to turn to politics, and there were other ways open that might have led to high public position; but no desire for such honors and emoluments seems ever to have been entertained by him.

Concerning his growth into independence of thought in religious matters, the eminent Positivist takes his readers into his confidence, as follows:

"As to religious opinion, it is always difficult to make a sure retrospect. But I *think* this was the truth. I was brought up at home and at school an orthodox believer, sincerely adopting prayer, services, and sacrament in the ordinary way as a moderate High Churchman. *Yeast*, Maurice, F. Newman's *Theism*, Mill, and Mazzini, together, made my orthodoxy melt away. I had taken the sacrament at my Confirmation as a believer in Transubstantiation, and I continued to take it, apart from any supernatural idea, but without disgust or contempt at Oxford. But the whole orthodox fabric melted away in me, mainly on moral grounds, such as F. Newman and F. D. Maurice used, and from growing disgust with such Catholicism as that of J. H. Newman and Pusey, and such Philistine Protestantism as that of B. Symons."

There was no "sudden revulsion of opinion and feeling," he adds, nor did he "ever experience any qualm or anxiety of conscience." "I should," he asserts, "at all times of my life have regarded it as ludicrous to be either uneasy or ashamed of believing what it seemed to me to be true to believe." In a later chapter he takes occasion to dispel "sundry foolish myths" concerning Newton Hall and the seekers after truth who regularly met there.

"We at Newton Hall have treated these visions [of Comte's] with reverence; but we have never dreamed of witnessing in our age any such Apocalypse, and assuredly we have never presumed to attempt any crude model of a society which after ages will have to work out in reality and which must follow and not precede an entire re-organization of life and thonght. We have not presumed to use the sacred name of a church for our tentative group. We have had no priest, no ritual, no adoration, no ceremonial. We have not assumed to speak of 'services,' or 'worship,' or 'religion,' excepting in so far as the 'Service of Man' may mean the fulfilment of human duties, or as 'worship' may mean manifest honor and reverence for whatsoever things are true, whatsoever are honest, whatsoever are just, whatsoever are pure, whatsoever are lovely. If there be any virtue, if there be any praise, we think on these things, and that is *worship*."

In a retrospect covering so long a period, it is natural that the author should see much that seems to him a change for the worse in later years. Methods of education, both elementary and advanced, have in his judgment sadly deteriorated. He believes that the private day-school which he attended from his tenth to his twelfth year taught its pupils as much in two years as boys now learn in five. "And the learning was in itself a delight, instead of a task, an imposition, a struggle." This, in the face of the present solicitous endeavor to make easy and inviting the road to knowledge, is significant. As to more advanced and special studies, he expresses himself with even greater emphasis and with an unusual richness of epithet.

"Alas! from all that I hear to-day, the mania for specialization and the parrot-like imitation of German Cloud-cuckoo-land and Nephelo-Coccygian Metaphysics, has overlaid Plato and Aristotle, Bacon, Locke, Hume, Berkeley, Butler, and Kant with gaseous worlds of post-Kantian, Neo-Hegelian fumes and exhalations which bedim the old philosophies, so that they are seen to-day as if they were the sun in a London fog. . . . The result of all this interminable specialization into fissiparous trivialties, joined to a habit of treating ontological locutions as ideas and realities, has in half a century deteriorated Oxford training and clouded over Oxford thought. It is my deliberate opinion that Oxford does not breed in the twentieth century powers of mind so robust, so fertile, and so original as it did in the middle of the nineteenth century. The reason I take to be that the discovery of some new but insignificant fact is looked on as displacing grasp of thought, mental synthesis, and any attempt to view the world and man as organic wholes. Thought as such is discredited by the preposterous value attributed to novel, but quite subordinate, positive facts. And as to the imaginative use of language, charm of memorable composition, symmetry and grace of style, the modern tendency is to regard anything of the kind with suspicion and contempt."

There the equipoise and serenity of the octogenarian philosopher fail to shine conspicuous. The educational system of any age is at best an imperfect and tentative one; but it would be too painful, as well as unreasonable, to believe our own times wrapped in so dense a "nephelococcygian" darkness in the things of the intellect as this praiser of the past professes to believe. To dispel the gloomy vision, here is a pleasing though unsparing pen-sketch of Ruskin:

"'John' was the ideal of an airy, generous, fantastic, lovable man of genius, whose fancies bubbled forth clear and inexhaustible like a mountain spring. He was everything that one could imagine of friendly welcome, of simple nature, of incalculable epigram and paradox. . . . He was always ready to talk — to ask questions — even to listen. But as to allowing any man's thoughts, any book old or new, to assist, qualify, or enter into his own thoughts, it was not to be endured. . . . I came away delighted with the charm of this brilliant and generous nature, full of admiration for the marvellous agility of his inspiration, but puzzled and even saddened by the sight of such impracticable audacity and waywardness."

Mr. Harrison's impressions of America, which he visited ten years ago, formed the subject of a paper in "The Nineteenth Century," afterward reprinted in his "Memories and Thoughts," so that there is not very much of importance for him to add on that subject in his present work. That he is not immoderate in his praise of our

country and its institutions becomes apparent enough in such passages as the following:

"But in spite of all, notwithstanding the low level of American manners, taste, literature, and art, I do hold that our feudal and Catholic traditions of birth, caste, ritual, privilege, and war will ultimately be superseded by republican patriotism. Autocracy, Aristocracy, Democracy, will eventually grow into Sociocracy — *i. e.*, rule in the interest of the social whole. And a true Sociocracy is most likely to grow up in a people where the anti-social prejudices are most completely extinct."

But he has only good words for Chicago. "So little," he writes in a letter appended to the American chapter, "is Chicago a city of corn 'deals' and pig-curing, that I heard nothing there but philanthropy, education, social improvement, and art studies." He calls the chief of Chicago's educational institutions "a wonderful University," whose "seventy-nine Professors and Professorinnen" he heartily praises, but he is strangely misinformed or forgetful in speaking of the university as "built by Chicago citizens."

So rich and wide-ranging a retrospect from the pen of so keen an observer, so clear a thinker, so fearless a critic, and so engaging a writer, rarely issues from the press to minister to the enjoyment of the English-reading world. Begun with the intention of merely preserving old memories for the gratification of the writer's children, the book maintains throughout a candor and a fulness of detail that not every autobiographer would allow himself in preparing a work for the general public. Hence no small part of its value and charm. Of course it contains here and there matter that has appeared in substance in one or another of the author's recent books, — in his "Creed of a Layman," or in his "Memories and Thoughts," — but the work as a whole is of fresh and abundant interest, as well as of unstudied charm of style.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF CHINA.*

At this time, when news from China seems to hold an indeterminate tenure of the front pages of our daily press, it is peculiarly gratifying to be able to turn to a work which sheds new light upon the conditions in that troubled land. In "The Changing Chinese" we have the conclusions derived from a half-year of study and travel in the Middle Kingdom by one whose training and experience lend weight to his opinions. Professor Ross tells us that "the renaissance of a quarter of the human family is occurring before our eyes, and we have only to sit in the parquet and watch the stage." Few of us, however, are favored with the necessary pasteboards; so we have much to be thankful for that he has shared his first-hand observations with us. For he has refused to be denied a hearing because of his limited stay in China.

"The fact is, to the traveller who appreciates how different is the mental horizon that goes with another stage of culture or another type of social organization than his own, the Chinese do not seem very puzzling. Allowing for differences in outfit of knowledge and fundamental ideas, they act much as we should act under their circumstances. The theory, dear to literary interpreters of the Orient, that owing to diversity in mental constitution the yellow man and the white man can never comprehend or sympathize with one another, will appeal little to those who from their comparative study of societies have gleaned some notion of what naturally follows from isolation, the acute struggle for existence, ancestor worship, patriarchal authority, the subjection of women, the decline of militancy, and the ascendency of scholars."

Of the ten chapters two are distinctly descriptive. "China to the Ranging Eye" is an impressionistic study of some of the things which held the attention of the careful traveller, while "The Far West of the Far East" is the story of a journey of twelve hundred miles from Taiyuanfu, in Shansi, to Chengtu, in Szechuan. Since Professor Ross's return, Chengtu, "the most progressive of pure Chinese cities," has been the centre of a rebellion, and the Viceroy Chao Erh-Sen, who took such pride in his capital, has been reported the victim of assassination. Three of the chapters are to a large degree narrative. "The Grapple with the Opium Evil" tells the story of the great moral struggle which has been in progress during the past five years. "Unbinding the Women of China" is concerned with the mind and heart, as well as with the feet; for "all the railroads that may be built, all the mines that may be opened, all the trade that may be fostered, cannot add half as much to the happiness of the Chinese people as the cultivation of their 'undeveloped resources' — their womanhood." The chapter on "Christianity in China" will delight the believer in foreign missions, and will give the critic something to ponder over; for Professor Ross is confident of the ultimate triumph of the faith in China, if only it keeps its grip upon the West.

The five remaining chapters contain much that is deeply suggestive. "The Race Fibre

* THE CHANGING CHINESE. The Conflict of Oriental and Western Cultures in China. By Edward Alsworth Ross, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Sociology in the University of Wisconsin. New York: The Century Co.

of the Chinese" not only points out the "observed toughness" of that people, but shows why the white man is justified in excluding him from his labor-market. "The Race Mind of the Chinese" offers an explanation for the "patent stagnation of the collective mind," and maintains that "the future bearers and advancers of civilization will be, not the whites alone, but the white and yellow races; and the control of the globe will lie in the hands of the *two* races instead of *one*." Terrible in its vividness is the chapter describing "The Struggle for Existence"; and for this grinding mass of poverty the one general cause is given as "the crowding of population upon the means of subsistence." Of special interest to the members of our "slow-multiplying, high-wage" white society is the prophecy in "The Industrial Future of China." Cheap and skilful as the labor may be, —

"It is not likely that the march of industrialism in China will be so rapid and triumphant as many have anticipated. Jealousy of the foreigner, dearth of capital, ignorant labor, official squeeze, graft, nepotism, lack of experts, and inefficient management will long delay the harnessing of the cheap labor power of China to the machine. Not we, nor our children, but our grandchildren, will need to lie awake nights. It is along in the latter half of this century that the yellow man's economic competition will begin to mould with giant hands the politics of the planet."

Finally, "The New Education" describes some of the difficulties and the weaknesses of the new programme. Much is explained by this comment:

"The broad contrast between China and Japan in utilizing Western scholars runs back to their difference in attitude toward our civilization. The Japanese were humble and teachable. Long ago they had borrowed heavily from the mainland, and they were not too proud to sit awhile at the feet of Western scholars. But the Chinese, remembering that their culture is all their own, are still too haughty to recognize fully their need of the foreign educator."

And the following tale should be added to those which are current in many of our universities:

"I even heard of a Manchu literary chancellor who could not read the examination essays submitted for provincial honors. So he piled them on the canopy of his bed, poked them with his cane as he lay smoking his pipe, and the thirteen that slid off first were declared winners."

Many more quotations might find their way into this review, for the volume abounds in striking passages. Enough, however, have been given to show why this brilliant sociological study holds the reader's interest from cover to cover. Exception may be taken to an inference here or a prophecy there — for it takes no little bravery to peer into the future of things Chinese; but so interesting is the treatment throughout, so vivid the descriptions, so incisive the arguments, so clear the conclusions, that the volume will appeal to an unusually wide public and must be considered a notable contribution to the literature on that remarkable land, now undergoing a transformation which is watched with interest throughout the world.

PAYSON J. TREAT.

CAVOUR AND THE MAP OF ITALY.*

In October, 1850, when d'Azeglio presented the name of Cavour for the Ministry of Commerce and Agriculture, Victor Emmanuel replied, "Don't you gentlemen see that that little fellow will send you all heels over head?" The plump little man, with his head full of statistics and his heart full of the Liberal Idea, was indeed destined, not perhaps to send the ministers flying, but at least to change the map of Italy. It is for this one thing — the creation of the Kingdom of Italy — that Cavour will be remembered, and for this alone. Indeed, his life presents singularly little else of interest. While yet a boy, he dreamed of some day being first minister of his country; the decade of his public life was wholly devoted to the great task, which was scarcely accomplished before he died; and no master of romance could have put more appropriate words into the mouth of a dying hero than those actually uttered by Cavour — "Italy is made, all is safe." But the work of Cavour was felt far beyond the limits of his own country, for it was the decisive event in that series of transformations which effected the political reconstruction of Europe on the basis of nationality and constitutional government. It does not often fall to the lot of even a great man, by devoting himself exclusively to one task, to decide the destiny of his country, and thereby drive the main currents of history into new channels.

Mr. Thayer has given us a life of Cavour commensurate in scope with the importance of the subject; and if it proves not to be a masterpiece of historical biography, it will at least rank with the scholarly and well-constructed histories of the present time. He has studied, apparently with great care, all the available sources; and the printed sources are abundant — sufficiently so, it seems, to make it unlikely that further

* THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CAVOUR. By William Roscoe Thayer. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

search in archives would greatly add to our knowledge or furnish the basis for any new conclusion of importance. In the main drift and substance of the story, therefore, Mr. Thayer offers nothing new; but in clear and detailed exposition of events he offers much that is new, at least to English readers. One must admire the skill with which he has picked out the tangled skein of diplomatic negotiations, and the persistence with which he follows the devious underground ways of the secret societies. Those who have tried to work out the genesis of the Sicilian expedition, or to arrive at some clear notion of the exact part which was taken in that movement by Garibaldi, the Mazzinians, the National Society, and above all by Cavour himself, will be grateful to Mr. Thayer for his excellent treatment of a complicated subject. Details of importance, too often omitted or distorted, — such as the statement of Napoleon to Hübner on New Year's Day 1859, or the fact that Victor Emmanuel knew before the battle of Solferino that the Emperor was contemplating a truce with Austria, — one finds correctly stated here. And then, Mr. Thayer has the rare merit of making his people real. Garibaldi, d'Azeglio, Farina, Victor Emmanuel, Brofferio, are not so many lay figures, but men of flesh and blood, that the reader comes to know apart, and to like, too, in their different ways, even though Mr. Thayer, one suspects, does not always — as in the case of Brofferio — particularly like them himself. Of Cavour we have on the whole a faithful and certainly a most engaging portrait; while the exposition of his aims, and of his transcendent genius in meeting and overcoming the difficulties that faced him on every side, leaves little to be desired.

Cavour professed that sort of political philosophy which is generally known as Liberalism. "I am the son of Liberty," he said, "and to her I owe all that I am," — and to her, it might be added, as Mr. Thayer wishes us to understand, he gave his life. But Cavour understood Liberty in terms of that golden mean which the adherents of the school not infrequently found so convenient a substitute for logical principles. Viewed from the standpoint of a later day, Liberalism is seen to have been the halfway house on the road from absolutism to democracy — or not quite that perhaps, the first stage rather; and it found its chief support in the well-to-do middle class. The highly respectable and altogether conventional bourgeois, immortalized in the pages of Thackeray and Balzac, and of which the archtype is the Citizen King with his green umbrella (who indeed would push the principle of Liberty so far as to wish the privilege of being scorched by the sun or wet by the rain?) — this excellent middle-class found the great dogma of the Mean exactly to its liking. Liberty there must be, certainly, — but not too much of it, and only for the right sort of people: political liberty for those who had money enough to appreciate its advantages; industrial liberty for those who wished to increase profits, but not always for those who wished to raise wages; intellectual and religious liberty for all except the indecently eccentric or the uncomfortably original. Nothing too much, said the neat Liberal — not quite in the Greek sense.

Liberalism, as it lay in the quiescent mind of the bourgeois, was doubtless crude enough. But there were not wanting statesmen and essayists to clothe the interests of a class in decent and attractive theory. Let us have, they said, freedom in government, in industry, in thought, in religion, to the end that every man may develop to the highest point the best that is in him; only thus shall justice prevail, ignorance and superstition and intolerance disappear, poverty and war be banished, and peace, prosperity, and happiness be universally diffused at last. Now, Cavour's Liberalism was strong precisely because it was grounded upon class interest and at the same time attractively shaped in terms of this plausible theory. Cavour was, through his own industry, a rich man, and his vigorous intelligence — always, as Medici said, essentially at "the level of circumstances" — was just the sort to be captivated by a theory at once so simple and so comprehensive. "With the ever greater realization of this principle," he said — and he was always repeating it, "there must follow a greater welfare for all, but especially *for the least favored classes.*" This was the very essence of the Liberal philosophy — the simple faith that liberty wisely ordered by the few would bring in its train that essential quality dreamed of by the many. The Liberal Idea thus became for Cavour, as for many another generous mind of that day, the open sesame to the millennium. "A calico millennium," laughed Carlyle. "At least a concrete one, and safe," Cavour might have replied.

And Mr. Thayer, one suspects, would say so too. He is so heartily in sympathy with Cavour, with his philosophy, with his practical policy, that his book may not unjustly be called an apology for liberal constitutionalism — an apology in the older sense of the word, the sense of a valiant justification. Perhaps apology is after

all not the right word; but I wish to say that Mr. Thayer seems not so much to have adopted Cavour's point of view just temporarily, for historical purposes, as never to have ventured very far away from it. He sees the drama from Cavour's angle of vision, because, like Cavour, he habitually sits in the mean distance; like Cavour, therefore, he cannot quite understand how the play looks to those who sit at ease in the boxes, or strain uncomfortably forward from the gallery. This is the prime defect: Mr. Thayer is so much of a liberal himself that he cannot be quite fair to those who were not in sympathy with Cavour's methods, or to those who stood in the way of his aims; and thus the three determining forces of that time—conservatism, liberalism, radicalism—are presented to the reader in somewhat false perspective.

Of Mr. Thayer's treatment of Mazzini and the radicals, one need not complain much. The portrait of the incorrigible idealist, whom it was impossible not to love yet never quite safe to follow, is well and sympathetically drawn; and for the most part we are led to suppose that his work was indispensable to Italian unity (I., 274, 542, II., 233), although occasionally one infers that Cavour was quite right in dismissing him as an unmitigated nuisance. However, this question is hardly as important for the biographer of Cavour as the question of the validity of Mazzini's criticism of Cavour. The full force of this criticism Mr. Thayer does not, I think, sufficiently emphasize; and of this something presently.

It is chiefly among the conservatives that Mr. Thayer finds himself, like goodman Tulliver, in a world that is, if not precisely too much for him, at least fairly puzzling. The English Tory, for example, he thinks a good sort of person. "Often he is not consciously selfish"; but the defect of a Tory is that "however patriotic he may be, he cannot understand patriotism in others." This is amusing enough, and harmless too. But Mr. Thayer's dislike of the Austrian and Italian reactionaries is almost as great as that of Cavour himself; and that is more serious, for it fixes his attention somewhat too much upon the Bombas and Antonellis to the neglect of that wide-spread and genuine conservative sentiment without which these puppets—despicable enough, truly—would long since have been brushed aside. Austria was not so wholly perverse as one is led to suppose. "Austria," indeed, was more truly a geographical expression than Italy, and Francis Joseph can hardly be censured for his aversion to the very principles—national independence and liberty—which, if allowed to become practically operative, would have dissolved his empire, and, indeed, came very near dissolving it in 1848, without much prospect of becoming practically operative at that. The shadow of '93 was still over Europe, and how much the events of 1848 had deepened it Mr. Thayer will by no means let us see: the anarchy that had prevailed for weeks in the streets of Paris and Vienna not only struck terror to the puppet rulers of Italy, but gave pause to many a steadfast liberal in every country of Europe as well. "We demand," said Marché, addressing the Provisional Government in behalf of the Paris radicals, "the extermination of property and capitalists, the immediate installation of the proletariat in community of goods, the proscription of bankers, the rich, the merchants, the bourgeoisie of every condition above that of wage-earners, the acceptance of the red flag to signify to society defeat, to the people victory, to Paris the Terror, and to all foreign governments invasion." A pleasant programme!—but one which helps to explain why so many men were willing to suffer such evils as the Hapsburgs rather than to fly to others that they knew not of.

Mr. Thayer's remarks on the Church would furnish a hostile critic with many fine openings. He honestly endeavors to distinguish the Church and the Catholic religion from those that represented it. In this I think he is not very successful. "The romanticists," he says, "represented mediæval life, not as it was, but as if the ideals of a few had been the practice of all." One might turn this epigram a little differently, and apply it with some justice to Mr. Thayer himself: he is too much inclined to represent the Church as if the practices of a few had been the ideals of all. This prejudice must account for many statements which, besides being unnecessary for the author's main purpose, are misleading. "I believe because it is impossible," which is ascribed to Saint Anselm, expresses precisely the thing for which Saint Anselm did not stand; more than any other scholastic, he was keen to demonstrate that what he believed could be shown by reason to be not only possible but necessary. Doubtless Mr. Thayer knows this very well. And he must know, too, that the doctrine of Infallibility refers only to "the definition of doctrine in faith and morals," and not to Papal action in establishing a form of government for the patrimony of Saint Peter. Besides, the doctrine of Infallibility was not promulgated until twenty years

after Pius had withdrawn his liberal concessions. Let us not apply, even to the Pope, that flagrantly unliberal thing, an *ex post facto* law (I., 188).

We are told that it was the mission of Cavour "to mediate between an era that is passing away and a new era that has not yet taken definite form." This is true enough; and there is one aspect of this mediation, and a rather important one, which may be noted in conclusion. If Cavour did much to bring in the new era, he did something also to perpetuate the spirit of the old. It may, indeed, be said of Cavour that he placed some of the very rocks upon which the ship of Liberalism in which he sailed as pilot has made at least partial shipwreck.

The point may be conveniently presented by referring again to the criticism of Cavour by Mazzini. Mr. Thayer quotes in part the famous letter which Mazzini wrote in answer to Cavour's speech of April 16, 1858. In this letter Mazzini charges Cavour, among other things, with "bowing the knee to force," and with corrupting the youth of Italy by "a policy of artifice and lies." These charges cut deep, and very deep. The justification of Cavour's methods depends upon the sincerity of his faith in the value of the liberal programme; and yet his utterly unscrupulous methods, the "policy of artifice and lies," implied a repudiation of Liberalism at its best. Nor was it a mere rhetorical flourish to say that Cavour "bowed the knee to force." Of course Mazzini was all for force, too. But the difference, as he saw it, was vital: Mazzini appealed to the force of the oppressed themselves, to that "force inspired by the love of Liberty," but Cavour appealed to force which existed for the purpose precisely of holding liberty in check. To go to Plombières, to cede Savoy, to welcome assistance from the man who for ten years had set his heel on freedom in France, to employ in the service of Liberty the polluted hands of cynics who said in their hearts there is no Liberty, — this was "to bow the knee to force," and for a temporary advantage betray the cause of humanity in the end. So thought Mazzini.

Few now think with him. Yet there is much in the history of the last half century to confirm his opinion. It may be true that Italian unity could be achieved only by Cavour's method. If so, the price of Italian unity was certainly higher than Cavour imagined. What Mazzini saw was that the methods used by Cavour to give liberty to Italy would in the end do much to discredit the very faith he professed. If the old Liberalism has become for the Europe of to-day little more than the shadow of a dream, if the worship of facts has in any measure replaced the worship of ideas, if faith in "blood and iron" has grown strong and faith in "speeches and resolutions of Parliament" has fallen away, if in statesmanship there has been a return to the spirit of Metternich and Frederick II., certainly Cavour's suave machiavellianism, no less than Bismarck's brutal cynicism, has done something to bring about that result. It is probable that Cavour did more than Mazzini to unite Italy; it is certain that he did more to divide humanity.

CARL BECKER.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF A REGULAR.*

When a man has rendered fifty years of public service he has necessarily witnessed the making of a great deal of history. If he has filled high stations a good part of this time, and can truly say of the events, *Quorum pars magna fui*, he ought to have an interesting story to narrate. Such conditions are fulfilled by Senator Cullom, who has just given to the world his reminiscences of fifty years in public life.

The Senator has not undertaken to write a history of the last fifty years. Rather, he has given us a Homeric catalogue of the worthies (there seem to have been no unworthies), has thrown a few side-lights on the history of the earlier part of this period, and has made a few contributions to the real history of some of the events in which he took a leading part. The pages covering the period down to the early eighties will be of interest to the casual reader, but of little value to the serious student of history. The Congressional history of that period has been so thoroughly written up that perhaps there is little to add, unless some participant has some "confessions" or revelations to make. If Senator Cullom has none, there seems to be no good reason why he should gloss over the notorious characters of that and the later period in his Homeric catalogue. Some of them are, indeed, referred to as "bosses," but with no hint of their baneful influence on public life.

Shortly after Cleveland's famous message of 1887 precipitated the Tariff discussion, Thomas B. Reed perpetrated the following droll allegory:

"Once there was a little dog. He was a nice little dog — nothing the matter with him, except a few foolish Free Trade ideas in his head. He was trotting along, happy as the day, for he had in his mouth a nice shoul-

*FIFTY YEARS OF PUBLIC SERVICE. Personal Recollections of Shelby M. Cullom, Senior United States Senator from Illinois. With portraits. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

der of succulent mutton. By and by he came to a stream bridged by a plank. He trotted along, and looking over the side of the plank, he saw the markets of the world, and dived for them. A minute afterwards he was crawling up the bank, the wettest, the sickest, the nastiest, the most muttonless dog that ever swam ashore."

The Democrats were the dogs, made the dive in the Mills Bill, and crawled out on the bank of defeat in 1888.

The Senator might have told us, but did not, that another nice little dog now came along with nothing the matter with him except a few High Protection ideas in his head. He also carried a nice shoulder of succulent mutton (wool, steel, and tin plate), but he saw Prosperity in the stream and dived for it (McKinley Bill), only to crawl out in a state of mind that almost made him doubt his existence.

But it is refreshing to find a regular at this time avowing that the McKinley act "was a high protective tariff dictated by the manufacturers," declaring that "the manufacturers have since persisted and insisted upon higher duties than they ought to have," and admitting his doubts of the ability of the Republicans to prove their contention that wages advanced and prices declined under the McKinley law. If this is refreshing, it is also amusing to find him rising at this late day to declare that not the Sherman silver act, but the "well-grounded fear of a free trade measure," was the cause of the panic of 1893. This is simply the old party cry, raised by the Republicans at the time, and repeated with so much emphasis that many no doubt came to believe it true. No explanation is offered for the disappearance of the surplus, which was really due to reckless spending, — pensions alone jumped from $87,500,000 to $159,000,000 under Harrison, — to prohibitive duties on some goods, and to free trade in revenue articles.

The McKinley law was such a beneficent measure that the first thing the reputed author did after becoming President was to call an extra session for more like it; and the result was the Dingley Act. "The country," says Senator Cullom, "was in such condition then that we heard no complaint concerning the high protective tariff." That is the general policy of the protectionist — to pile on as long as the country can endure it. But Senator Cullom probably forgets the little incident of the appearance of Mr. Louis Brandeis, then a comparatively unknown man, who, in spite of ridicule from the committee, insisted on his right to be heard as a consumer. More consumers are now being heard.

The law was passed; and from that date, says the Senator, began the greatest era of prosperity, and the greatest national advancement, of any period of like duration in our history." *Ergo*, it was caused by the Dingley Act. There also followed a panic. Unfortunately, there was no "well-grounded fear of a free-trade measure" to make responsible for this, and the Senator offers no explanation. But the party weathered the storm, and tried a little more tariff tinkering — the Payne-Aldrich Act. Then came the deluge. "I myself believe," says the Senator, "that it was simply the result of the people becoming tired of too much prosperity under Republican administration." Very true, — only they are tired of too much prosperity for the privileged classes, and want a more equitable distribution of this prosperity.

The tariff is still a live issue. So are at least two other questions in the development of which Senator Cullom really took an active part — the regulation of interstate commerce and foreign affairs. In that part of his book dealing with these subjects, he has given us some things worth while to the student as well as to the casual reader. His is not the final word; the reader may even feel that Senator Cullom might have done better, — but, for all that, he will feel grateful for the new light thrown on these subjects.

As is well known, Senator Cullom was the author of the Inter-State Commerce Act of 1887. His service in Illinois had been in preparation for this event. A long series of abuses, which culminated in the Granger movement and the passage of state laws to control the railroads, had interested him in the subject. Indeed, as Speaker of the House he appointed the committee which drafted the Illinois law of 1873. But these state laws failed to bring the railroads to their senses, and the "public be damned" policy was continued. Some attention had been paid to the matter in Congress, but nobody seems to have made any serious attempt at legislation. By the time Mr. Cullom entered the Senate (1883), he had become convinced that national regulation was the only solution; and he soon began work on the matter. Early in 1885 he secured the passage of a resolution for the appointment of a committee to investigate the subject, and never let up on it until the act of 1887 had become a law. One clause—that prohibiting pooling—was inserted by Mr. Reagan. "Whether it was right or wrong, I do not know to this day," admits the Senator.

In those days the railroad men were "the most arrogant set of men in this country." At

first they treated the movement with contempt, but when they saw that the bill was sure to pass they changed their attitude. After its passage they attacked one provision after another, and emasculated the act to a considerable extent through favorable decisions from the courts. Mr. Cullom then endeavored to cure the defects, and introduced a bill for that purpose in 1889, but was unable to secure its passage. In 1906 the Hepburn act, embodying substantially the same principles, was adopted. This delay, he says, was due to the activity of the railroad men, who had packed the Senate with men favorable to their interests — an interesting admission from a "regular"!

Since 1901 Senator Cullom has been Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, in which capacity he has performed some notable services. Very little new light is thrown on the Panama affair, which is dismissed as "the most remarkable revolution I have ever read of in history." It was remarkable indeed. The Santo Domingo protocol is put in a new and slightly more favorable light by the publication of Mr. Hay's letter explaining the origin of that famous document. Apparently the Senator does not accept the report on the arbitration treaties presented last summer by Senator Lodge in the name of the committee. The objection to the provision enabling the commission to consider whether any given question presented to it may be thought justiciable, he says, "is based upon the theory that it would deprive the Senate of its constitutional right to pass upon all treaties. I have not accepted this view, because I do not believe in hampering working bodies when such a course can be avoided without doing violence to the fundamental law, as I believe in this case it can be."

But our good friend Mr. Roosevelt persists in his opposition, though on different grounds; and now ("The Outlook," November 4) draws upon ancient and modern history to prove his case. The ancient example is that when Eugene of Savoy called upon de Boufflers to surrender, in 1708, and allowed him to draw up the capitulation, he charged his enemy that nothing should be "put in contrary to my honor and my duty." The modern examples are the present revolution in China (as if arbitration treaties guaranteed against revolution!), and the war between Turkey and Italy — or, rather, the war on Turkey by Italy. Turkey, he says, "has all the protection possible to give her by paper treaties; and yet all these treaties guaranteeing her against dismemberment, thus pledging the honor of the various great nations to guarantee her integrity, are not worth as much as a single gunboat of the smallest size the minute that it becomes worth while for any serious opponent to attack her." If that be true, then why all this fuss about excluding questions touching honor, since the great nations do not appear to have any? It is impossible to exclude something which does not exist. Mr. Roosevelt's explanation is that the treaties are worthless because they promised too much. It may be that they promised more than they ought to have promised; but that is not the chief difficulty, which is that no means were provided for their enforcement. We do not propose to promise too much in the arbitration treaties, and certainly we do not intend to leave them without any means of enforcement. So we hope that Senator Cullom will be able to overcome a hostile majority in the committee, and find a two-thirds majority in the Senate for the arbitration treaties. DAVID Y. THOMAS.

THE FRANZ LISZT CENTENARY.*

It was on the 22d of October, a hundred years ago, that Franz Liszt, destined to extraordinary achievements in the realm of modern music, first opened his eyes to the light or darkness of this sublunary world. The little village of Raiding, near Oedenburg, Hungary, was quite unconscious of the wonder-birth which had fallen to its share, and has never again ventured upon so startling a deviation from the even tenor of its way. The boy lisped in numbers, and he fortunately had a father who was an enthusiast in the art of music and could guide his adventurous footsteps. There was never a moment of doubt as to the talents of the son; it was clear that in him music had gained a disciple whose genius and devotion would bring remarkable results.

The youth received immediate recognition. Some Hungarian noblemen came to his assistance, — for the family were not in affluent pecuniary circumstances, — and he was placed in charge of Czerny, the noted pupil of Beethoven. The veteran Salieri consented to instruct him in counterpoint and harmony. At a concert which he gave in Vienna, Beethoven was present, and the master ascended the stage and embraced the boy with paternal fervor. His life was a

*FRANZ LISZT AND HIS MUSIC. By Arthur Hervey. New York: John Lane Co.

FRANZ LISZT. By James Huneker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

succession of triumphs. He traversed Europe, and everywhere was recognized as the foremost of players on the piano—an instrument which was then entering on its period of most pronounced development, with Schumann and Mendelssohn and Chopin disclosing its immense possibilities. Into this labor the strong and courageous Liszt threw himself with zeal, and the virtuosos of to-day know how great is their indebtedness to him.

His experiences in the life of his period were deep and varied. He was a leader and a moulder of his era. He lived his early manhood amid the stirring events of literary and musical and political Paris. Art in all its forms, life with its myriad appeals, the great events and problems of the day, aroused in him an impassioned interest. He was himself a *littérateur* of no mediocre rank. His utterance was fearless, impetuous, generous in appreciation, while strong and courageous in giving to overestimated pretension the allotment which was its due. He belonged to the young and vigorous circle which numbered among its members George Sand and Heinrich Heine, Victor Hugo and Hector Berlioz, Frederic Chopin and Alfred de Musset. The strange apparition of the violinist Paganini made its impression upon him as upon the rest of his contemporaries, and his art received a distinct forward impulse from the practice of the Italian. When he was ready to leave Paris, he had lived through this stage of his intellectual and spiritual development, and was ready for a new and nobler expansion of his powers.

With his departure for Germany, and his setting up of his household gods in Weimar, began his higher creative activity. He accepted the position of *Hofcapellmeister*, and availed himself of its opportunities with his accustomed ardor. He could now exercise to the full that unenvious recognition of musicians whom the time had failed to understand, which is one of his chief glories, and which gives him a perennial place in the affection and gratitude of all devotees of the great art of music. It was at this time that he came so valiantly to the assistance of the Wagner propagandists. He had the operas of the misunderstood master performed under his direction, and he paved the way for the successes which were to make Bayreuth illustrious. He was the leader in every advance in music in his time. He had about him a band of fiery spirits, friends and pupils, who in all ways propagated the new ideas, and held out a welcoming hand to young and struggling composers. Berlioz, Raff, Cornelius, Sobolewski, Rubenstein, all found in Weimar the sympathy and recognition which had been given to Wagner, and which they craved and needed as well as he. He finally left the city of Schiller and Goethe for Rome, where he took orders in the Church, becoming the Abbè Liszt. His life had yet in store for him a series of triumphs in the great European cities—in London, Rome, and Paris. He witnessed the Wagner productions at Bayreuth, and he died there, July 31, 1886, full of honors and worthy of a recognition which has been slow to come, but which the centennial celebration just past has given in the measure in which it was deserved. For it has been the strange fate of Liszt to make in his earlier years so strong an impression of virtuosity on the piano that this reputation seems to have clung to him and overshadowed the fame as creative musician which was assuredly his in view of the orchestral works, the masses, the songs, the oratorios, which he has bequeathed to posterity. The great musical public of Germany and England and France has arrived at an appreciation of these works very gradually, and lesser composers have come to the front, while the older master remained in a sort of obscuration. It now seems as if an atonement were to be made for the neglect, and the Symphonic Poems, which heralded the progress, were to obtain the consideration which in the minds of the true connoisseurs has long been theirs.

Liszt was a fearless captain in the musical revolution which reached its consummation in his time. Whatever meaning may be attached to the much-discussed and variously defined terms of Romantic and Classic, it became clear that music was accomplishing one of those great transitions which give to an art a fuller power of expression and a completer mastery of material and resources. Whatever form such a transition may take, whether it be an apparent going back to an earlier time or a leap into the as yet unrealized future, the result is the same,—a deeper envisagement of human possibilities, a finer art, and a surer control of the medium in which the artist works. It was in this effort that Liszt shone conspicuous; his own innovations, his wide intellectual interests, his extraordinary sympathy with the achievements of others, his absolute freedom from envy and its consequent misappreciations, his heroic persistence in the presentation of the new and abused works of the new and abused composers, give him a unique place in musical history. His life was a consistent sacrifice to his art; and even to this day the smoke of the battle appears to sur-

round his accomplishment, hiding it partially from view and preventing its just estimation.

However, the signs are now apparent of a clearer and truer understanding, and works like "Franz Liszt and his Music" by Mr. Arthur Hervey will do much in this direction. Mr. Hervey writes from that full knowledge of his subject which leaves no important point untouched and which organizes the multifarious material into a consistent and vivid picture. He has the sympathy with his subject which a biographer should have, and his representation will, we are sure, be accepted among the finalities about the composer. We will quote here a passage which we think very much in point.

"To attempt to give an idea of the influence exercised by Liszt over other composers would require more space than I have at my disposal. Directly or indirectly, it asserts itself over the entire domain of modern program music. His creation of the Symphonic Poem has been fruitful to an extraordinary extent, and has brought into being examples from the pens of composers of all nationalities, while it has prepared the way for the more elaborate tone poems of Richard Strauss. The principle of thematic unity so much prized by certain composers nowadays has been strikingly exemplified by Liszt in his Sonata and other works. Many are the harmonic subtleties and progressions which belong distinctly to him in the first place, but have since become public property. Does not his piano piece, 'Les Jeux d'eau a la Villa d'Este,' in a way foreshadow the impressionism of the modern French School? Has not the peculiar mystical, and at the same time human, sentiment of his 'St. Elizabeth' and 'Christus' placed another element at the disposal of the composer of sacred music? But why say more? With an extraordinary prophetic sense Liszt appears to have dipped into the future and anticipated various forms of musical expression now current, and his influence over music generally has been greater than it has been possible to measure."

Liszt began life as a dazzling player upon the piano, and his compositions during this period of his career — transcriptions, consolations, etudes, rhapsodies—display the varied character of his experiences, and, however brilliant, remain true and sincere to the content which they embody. Later, during his Weimar epoch, he gave up the triumphs and emoluments of the successful virtuoso, and poured forth the abundance of his orchestral productions — the Symphonic Poems, his Dante and Faust compositions, his concertos and his songs, — and in these is found a series of works which in the estimation of those who believe in him give him a sure hold upon posterity. Last of all, when the tumults of a career not readily parallelled had melted into a noble calm, he gave his toilsome hours to his religious music, toward which his inclinations had long been turning.

Liszt belongs among the leading figures of his time and generation, — with Schumann and Berlioz in music; with George Sand, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and Heine, in thought and sentiment; with Père Lamenais in his religious enthusiasm, which afterwards assumed a more orthodox form. He had a strange and checkered career, but the best of his work, brilliant in color, impassioned in utterance, hopeful in outlook, has elements of permanence, and bids fair to belong to those splendors which mankind places in its enduring treasure-house.

Mr. Hervey's book is commendable in all ways; he is indeed a partisan, but not offensively so. If he is inclined, perhaps, to give Liszt a more important place than can rightfully be claimed for him, the fault may be pardoned in a centennial biography, and may be considered a leaning to the right side; for it is now imperative that justice should be done the composer, and Mr. Hervey's book will help on in that endeavor. The general reader can find no better account of Liszt.

Mr. James Huneker's life of Liszt is a remarkable production. It is written in the author's well-known manner, brilliant, incisive, comprehensive. It has been a labor of many years. The book was projected and announced in 1902; the author states that he had been collecting Lisztiana for a quarter of a century. Mr. Huneker is an established authority in matters musical, and the volume shows knowledge, research, and acumen. Mr. Huneker has called to his aid all the important writers on Liszt, and we see the subject from many different points of view, which enable us to form a verified estimate of him. The player, like the actor — at least in part — can leave no satisfactory memorial of the highest reach of his attainment; we must depend on the differenced accounts of the listener. Fortunately for Liszt, his playing is the least part of his claim to remembrance. One sees how encyclopædic Mr. Huneker's account is: he tells of Liszt the man, of his art and character, of his work as a composer, of his life at Rome, Weimar, Budapest; he shows us Liszt mirrored by his contemporaries, a great collection of critiques and estimates. He follows in the footsteps of Liszt, and describes from actual visitation his haunts and abiding places; he gives an account of his great pupils, and of the modern players who have followed the paths indicated by the wonderful forerunner; he illuminates the subject everywhere by his vigorous style, his familiarity with musical affairs, and by his genuine insight. We may quote one of his picturesque statements.

"Liszt's music is virile and homophonic despite its chromatic complexities. Instead of lacking in thematic intention he was, perhaps, a trifle too facile, too Italianate. . . . Liszt was less the master builder than the painter; color, not form, was his stronger side. . . . In musicianship Liszt had no contemporary who could pretend to tie his shoestrings, with the possible exception of Felix Mendelssohn. And in one particular he ranks next to Bach and Beethoven — in rhythmic invention; after Bach and Beethoven, Liszt stands nearest as regards the variety of his rhythms. His Eastern blood — the Magyar came from Asia — may account for this rhythmic versatility. It is a point not to be overlooked in future estimates."

No student of Liszt should fail to make the acquaintance of this book. It contains much bibliographical information, has a copious index, is admirably printed, and has many and interesting illustrations.

LOUIS JAMES BLOCK.

THE FERRERESQUE STYLE OF WRITING HISTORY.*

Signor Ferrero's new book on "The Women of the Cæsars" may be described, in brief, as Ferreresque: clever, vivacious, unabashed in its dashing attacks on views that have held the ground for centuries, always interesting, and always plausible.

In his first chapter, on "Woman and Marriage in Ancient Rome," Signor Ferrero dwells at some length on the contradiction that strikes the attention of those who become at all acquainted with the life of the Roman nobility — on the one hand, the almost unlimited freedom of the Roman lady, and her approximate equality with man, and on the other the constraint actually laid upon her. The explanation of the contradiction is to be looked for in the force of the strong Puritan tradition which for all the centuries had demanded of the Roman matron industry, frugality, obedience, chastity, self-abnegation, and complete devotion to family and state, and had made her one of the world's supreme examples of womanhood. Her power for the good of the society in which she moved was extraordinary, and the very fact multiplied the influence of her slightest deviation from the path of absolute rectitude. This is why the women of the Cæsars appear so prominently in the history of early imperial times.

The key with which Signor Ferrero unlocks the door to the mysteries of conduct among the imperial ladies and gentlemen is *politics*. From Livia the wife of Augustus to Agrippina the mother of Nero, with few exceptions, political ambition, often elevated into patriotic devotion, is the mainspring of action, even when the action is unwise. Personal inclination has little to do with imperial marriage. Even Augustus's hasty wooing of Livia, involving her sudden divorce from Tiberius Claudius Nero, attributed in the "Greatness and Decline of Rome" to passion, is seen by the historian, in the light of more careful consideration, to have been due merely to the calculating Emperor's desire to establish his position by allying to him the ancient and influential house of the Claudii.

Having found the key, Signor Ferrero plies it with industry and effect. Most of the doors fly open with the greatest promptness, and the remaining few yield after a little manipulation. The evidence of the ancient writers, who might be presumed to know something about the events of their own time, is the main obstacle to the use of the bright little instrument; but it is, after all, a matter of no very great difficulty to convict them of ignorance and prejudice. Tacitus is "malignant," and "clouded by undiscerning antipathy." "It seems almost a crime," says the acute modern chronicler of the Julian ladies, "that posterity should virtually always have studied and pondered the immense tragedy of history on the basis of the crude and superficial falsification of it which Tacitus has given us." We are left to draw the charitable conclusion, however, that it is not *quite* a crime, for posterity is not wholly responsible for its fault. Most historians, says Signor Ferrero, are "hallucinated by Tacitus."

Knowing the author's attitude toward Tacitus, the reader will not be surprised when he is told that Tiberius was not a gloomy, jealous tyrant, but a much misunderstood patriot caught in the cogs of circumstance. Agrippina did not crave imperial power for the gratification of her ambition; quite the contrary, she sacrificed herself in marriage to a stupid, difficult, and unpleasant old man, because she saw that the Emperor was in desperate need of a consort of the good old Roman fashion — like herself. She did not secure the adoption of Nero by Claudius because she wished her son one day to wear the purple, but because she wished to minimize the likelihood of disturbance in the State through lack of rulers by giving the imperial family two chances for the succession, instead of one. She did not poison Claudius; and at his death she did not have Nero made Emperor because she loved the son of Claudius less, but Rome more. Nero was seventeen, and Bri-

*THE WOMEN OF THE CÆSARS. By Guglielmo Ferrero. Illustrated. New York: The Century Co.

tannicus thirteen; and she proposed Nero to the prætorians and Senate, not because she preferred her own son to the son of Claudius, but because she feared that if Britannicus were put forward as a claimant he would be refused on account of his youth, and the family would lose its representation on the throne altogether.

Whether the reader accepts all of Ferrero's interpretations or not, he is always interested in them. There are no dull pages in the book, though there are wordy pages with a superficial ring, and once in a while an expression which is barely English. The imperial actors stand forth clearly, and the panorama of ancient life moves briskly. The narrative reads like a novel. Listen to this: "But now, stepping forward suddenly from the shadows to which she had retired, a lady appeared, threw herself between the two contestants, and changed the fate of the combat. It was Antonia, the daughter of the famous triumvir, the revered widow of Drusus." It is not impossible that a search in Tacitus might result in the discovery of this, but it is more probably Signor Ferrero's own picturesque manner of describing the situation. Not every picturesque passage, however, is to be traced to the modern author's lively vision. "It was a calm, starry night" sounds like a sentence from romance, but Tacitus actually says it (XIV. 5) — and Ferrero does not dispute him.

In short, if the reader is not "hallucinated by Ferrero," it is because he shrinks from assuming in every case that what was likely to have taken place actually did take place.

GRANT SHOWERMAN.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Maeterlinck: poet, mystic, and dramatist.

Mr. Edward Thomas, whose life of Richard Jefferies is remembered as a wild and blind dithyramb, has done a creditable and useful piece of writing in his volume on Maurice Maeterlinck (Dodd, Mead & Co.). Some of the faults of the earlier book do indeed reappear: a tendency to quote frequently and at length, not only his author, but also a whole galaxy of authors who have little or nothing to do with the matter in hand; a tendency to revert, now and again, to the pseudo-mystical murkiness and mistaken gusto that spoiled his book on Jefferies. But these faults have been so nearly mastered that it is ungenerous and perhaps unjust to mention them at all. The book is not a life of Maeterlinck — his uneventful life is dismissed with the eighteenth page. The rest of the three hundred pages are devoted to an exposition and casual appraisement of his numerous plays, poems, and essays, from "Serres Chaudes" to "Mary Magdalene." The value of the book lies mainly in the expository chapters, which are often unusually lucid and skilful — though it is somewhat disconcerting to read half of the quotations in French and half in English. In its critical aspects, the book is not so satisfactory; for although the judgments are usually sober enough (the glamor and attenuated feeling of the "Tresor" essays and of the early plays are discussed with an apologetic tone rather than with unbounded enthusiasm), Mr. Thomas does not often commit himself, and when he does he sometimes contradicts himself. Thus, he writes that Maeterlinck's is a voice for the people to hearken to, it is so clear and simple; and later he writes that he has a "vague intangibility." Again, Maeterlinck is throughout the book called a mystic; but at the close he turns out to be a "rhetorician" rather than a "mystic," "though he deals in mystical ideas." These confusions, particularly the latter, are the more unfortunate in that they involve matters of fundamental importance,—for does not Mr. Thomas himself say that "Maeterlinck is the first 'mystic' to appear in an age of science"? Similarly, Mr. Thomas fails to realize what he implies when he says that "he has only failed to create a human character." If Maeterlinck is anything, he is a writer of plays; and what is a writer of plays who "has failed to create a human character"? If M. Maeterlinck has the logic of the Frenchman as well as the sagacity of the Belgian, these things will surely amuse him. The Maeterlinck of the present day, according to Mr. Thomas, is a man who has emerged from the mysterious twilight of the North into the light and warmth of the South; an optimist who accepts our civilization as it is, and looks forward, not to a mystical reawakening of the soul, but to evolutionary development; a man who "explains nothing, but is afraid of nothing, and unashamed of being baffled." For most readers, one is rather surprised to hear Mr. Thomas admit, "he is not bracing, and probably fosters a combination of tolerance and enlightened inactivity." Verily, Mr. Thomas is no longer the rapturous mystic of the Jefferies book, but a man spiritually unsettled (perhaps through the effects of reading Mr. Babbitt's "New Laokoön," quoted on page 164), and on the way to a sober interpretation of life. The book is competently indexed and illustrated.

Environment as a force in human action.

Man's increasing control of nature and his mastery of her Titanic forces, which has developed with such marvellous rapidity during the past generation, is fundamentally changing his relations to the physical configuration of the earth and its varied geographic forms, and modifying, indeed often minimizing, their effects upon his social and national evolution. Modern means of transportation annihilate time and space. Seas and even the great oceans do not prevent quick transit; nor do the Alps protect Italy. An island is no longer a nursery of a distinctive civilization, for the steamships bring the mainland,

perhaps all lands, to its doors. Modern developments in rapid transportation have done much to override the physical barriers which isolate peoples and civilizations, but the printing-press and the telegraph do far more to remove the subtler hindrances to the interchange of ideas and the intermingling of the peoples of the earth. In reading Miss Ellen Churchill Semple's "Influences of Geographic Environment" (Holt) one feels very pointedly the need of a chapter which should adequately set forth the present-day tendency toward the elimination of geographic environment as a predominant factor in man's evolution, by the discoveries of modern science. Her work is replete with a detailed analysis, on the basis of the late Professor Friedrich Ratzel's system of anthropo-geography, of the relations of the configuration of the earth to the evolution of human civilization, — in other words, of geography to history. The German master was a follower of Herbert Spencer, in his emphasis upon the action of the environment upon the course of human development. The present work is less dogmatic in this matter of the organic theory of society and the state, though following in the main the outline of the German original. The underlying motive of the work is still the biological interpretation of history—the pressure of the environment as a moulding force in human action, just as it is in the distribution and differentiation of palms and rabbits. One finds much, in its pages, of location, area, boundaries; of coasts as transition zones, and coastal conditions as determiners of ethnic amalgamations; of seas, rivers, peninsulas, and islands; of plains, steppes, and deserts; of mountain barriers and passes, and of climate as potent factors in shaping the course and limiting or impelling the social and ethnic career of peoples and nations. There is, however, insufficient recognition of another biological aspect of the problem, namely, of the factor of heredity, a counterfoil here as elsewhere in the living world to the effect of environmental factors. In the higher levels and later stages of human evolution, the potency of great leaders and of the influence of ideas are powerful agencies in the control of human action. To the biologist and historian, the work is of unusual interest. The treatment is exhaustive, and the references to original sources abundant and of wide range.

Another book about the Brownings.

Miss Lilian Whiting has given us a chatty and readable story of "The Brownings, Their Life and Art" (Little, Brown & Co.). So much has already been published about these two poets that another book should show some good reason for being. The preface informs us that the author has had the "cordial assent and sympathetic encouragement of Robert Barrett Browning"; also that she has had access to a collection of letters written by Robert Browning to Mrs. Bronson. There does not seem, however, to be any great value in these hitherto unpublished letters. Mrs. Bronson was evidently a cordial and gracious hostess, and Browning's letters to her were those of a grateful and affectionate guest. But they deal with trifling matters, and throw no new light on the man or his work. Miss Whiting goes cheerily on her flowery way, repeating the old stories of previous biographers — even some which have long since been discredited. On one point, however, she has acquired original information. She is able to correct the generally accepted account that Mr. Browning first saw and named the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" at Pisa during the first year of his married life. Mr. Barrett Browning has furnished her this extract from a letter written by his father: "The sonnets were only known to exist, and seen for the first time by the person to whom they were addressed, two or three years after the writer's marriage. This was at Bagni di Lucca, after the birth of our child a few months before. The poems were only printed at my earnest entreaty." Two letters to Kate Field, one from Mr. Browning and one from Mrs. Browning, are new and well worth while. "Browning the husband," — as he now calls himself, assures Miss Field of his pleasure that she (alone in all Florence) has had the insight to discover that Mrs. Browning's "Curse for a Nation" was written for America and not for England. Mrs. Browning reports having received a letter from America, "from somebody who, hearing I was in ill health, desired to inform me that he wouldn't weep for me, were it not for Robert Browning and Penini." Miss Whiting's reportorial instinct carries her beyond the bounds of good taste in frequent and fulsome allusions to Robert Barrett Browning and the titled ladies born of American parents — Marchesa Peruzzi di' Medici (*náta* Story) and Contessa Rucellai (*náta* Bronson). There is no little carelessness in the spelling of Italian names: — "Lurici" for Lerici; "Franceschino" for Franceschini; "Prato Fiortito" (in three places) for Fiorito. The volume is beautifully printed, illustrated, and bound; doubtless it will prove popular with the general reader, even though it adds little to the already existing biographies of the two Brownings.

The climax of the undesirable in psychology.

Professor Flournoy's volume on "Spiritism and Psychology" (Harper), though large, is a condensation of a very much fuller work in the French, and its scope covers recent investigation in the field of that department of "psychical research" which deals with mediums and their varied manifestations. Taken as a whole, the book is distinctly confusing, misleading, and even pernicious. Neither the reputation of its author, nor the evident ability in handling his data, nor the inclusion of meritorious investigations of his own, can offset the logical imperfections of his attitude. It is a case where contributory negligence amounts almost to crime. There is a slurring of the logic at the beginning, which fatally diverges, as the argument proceeds, from truth, to half-truth, to broad error. Professor Flournoy's investigations might well have taken the

shape of the study of mediums in the form of Professor James's "Varieties of Religious Experience." He has, however, confused the value of what such phenomena may mean as personal revelations with the very dubious question of their material verification. Intending to be open-minded on the latter issue, he presently confuses vague theoretic possibilities with practical probabilities, and in the end commits himself as unreservedly to an illogical belief in the so-called "genuineness" of these phenomena as the crudest partisan might have done at the outset. It is this mingling of academic scholarship and psychological insight with a lack of logical foundations, that makes the book unfortunate. The logical fallacy may be brought home by a story which is told of various peoples amongst whom a gift of "second-sight" is a common belief. To test one so gifted, who professed to tell what was going on in a village a few miles away, it was proposed that a man ride over to the village and report as to the truth of this long-distance vision. The messenger returned with the report that So-and-so, who at that particular hour was described as engaged in a certain place in a certain occupation, was at the designated hour elsewhere, and not at all engaged as appeared in the vision. The negative report by no means discouraged his partisans, who replied, "Well, he didn't see very accurately: but isn't it wonderful enough that he should see so far?" Professor Flournoy describes "deceiving spirits" who failed to see accurately, and "beneficent spirits" who happened to hit it right, or remained undetected. The exposition of Paladino is regarded as incidental, and as in no way interfering with the possibility — indeed, with the "genuineness" — of such of her performances as escaped detection. The association of psychology with spiritism has been unfortunate from the first, but may well be said to have reached the climax of the undesirable in the present volume.

Lafcadio Hearn: a Japanese view.

If the world does not learn what manner of man Lafcadio Hearn was, it will not be for lack of material upon which to base opinion. The Japanese view presented by Yone Noguchi in "Lafcadio Hearn in Japan" (Mitchell Kennerley), puts the distinguished writer's personality in a very agreeable light. It is not solely the verdict of the author that the reader is asked to accept. Besides reprinting his "Japanese Appreciation" of Hearn which first appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly," and his impassioned "Defence" of Hearn from Dr. Gould's imputations, which was originally published in the New York "Sun" and the "Japan Times," he gives several chapters of recollections by people who were intimately associated with Hearn. Of these the reminiscences of Mrs. Hearn will be read with the deepest interest. Noguchi believes that her influence upon Hearn was very strong. "It is not a daily occurrence, even in Japan," he assures us, "to see such a woman, whose sweetness of old samurai heart still burns beautifully as a precious incense rising from a holy shrine." In her narration she dwells upon such things as her husband's love for his family and home, his attachment to every tree and flower in his garden, his tender regard for all living creatures, his delight in travel, and his life-hobby — or *doraku* as the Japanese call it — which was the collecting of Japanese pipes that made a sentimental appeal to him. Little glimpses of his domestic life reveal it as of most exquisite quality. "I have," says Mrs. Hearn, "a most beautiful memory of Hearn in his understanding and attitude toward women." He had the keenest sympathy for the people about him, especially those in humble life. The old fisherman of Yaidzu, at whose house he spent many summers, said of him that he was the only perfect man he ever came across, and if we may accept the testimony offered in this volume, Hearn's students held him in the highest esteem and felt for him affectionate regard. It is the finer side of his character that Mr. Noguchi shows us. The book is printed in Kamakura, and, quite appropriately, is bound in Japanese style.

"Scientific mental healing," and other things.

Mr. H. Addington Bruce, who has published two popular works upon obscure phases of mental phenomena, adds a third to the group, under the general title of "Scientific Mental Healing" (Little, Brown & Co.). This is, indeed, its main subject, though it branches over into considerations of secondary personality, of the applications of psychology to law and business, and concludes with a personal appreciation of William James. The volume is, in general, a very successful popularization, and is so because its author has selected topics capable of popular, possibly even of sensational, exposition; yet the tone is reserved, and for the reader who wishes and expects a readable account of some of the most unusual abnormal phenomena in psychology, the book is well designed. It goes into nothing very deeply, presents no new insight, and must of course be somewhat "out of centre" as a reflection of the actual interest of psychologists in these themes. It is, in a sense, unfortunate that popularization must throw the portrayal of present-day science so seriously out of perspective as is the case in psychology. This is due to the ingrained tendency toward mystery, and a certain ancient human inheritance that emphasizes the importance of personally interesting experiences. With due allowance for the very frank catering to these interests, the book proceeds to satisfy this natural curiosity with a less measure of misconception than is usual, and with a more than usual insight in the selection of reliable and well-interpreted cases.

Men and events of the last half of the 19th century.

With socialism for his dominant interest, and travel, journalism, and miscellaneous writing for his minor occupations, with apparently enough of worldly wealth to relieve him from want, and with the happy knack of making friendships with various sorts of men in all quarters of the globe, Mr. Henry

Mayers Hyndman appears, from his autobiographical volume "The Record of an Adventurous Life" (Macmillan) to have derived no little enjoyment from his seven decades of multifarious activity; and his wish to share his experiences with the reading public has resulted in a narrative of rather brisk and stirring quality. Covering the middle and later nineteenth century, his book affords passing glimpses of many celebrities of the period in both Europe and America. Here is his characterization of Mazzini: "Simple, unaffected and direct, with a complete volcano of energy and passion and enthusiasm underlying this seeming quietude of manner, Mazzini gained his influence over men by sheer devotion to his cause, unfailing enthusiasm and courage, and the absence, or so I thought, of any appearance of dictation." Noteworthy is his passing reference to "the monstrous tyranny of Mr. Gladstone and his Whigs in Ireland and their equally abominable policy in Egypt." There is material enough for warm debate in Mr. Hyndman's pages, if one cares to get heated.

A century of history all compact.

Mr. Reynold W. Jeffery's volume on "The New Europe" (Houghton), covering the century 1789–1889, is a compilation prepared apparently for the use of schools. While it is as compact a volume as is consistent with its comprehensive title, additional tables and diagrams, generous footnotes, and bibliographies, are so placed as to simplify the study and assist the memory. There are fourteen genealogical tables, nearly as many diagrams visualizing cause and effect in the sequence of events, bibliographies at the end of each chapter as well as one for the book, a table of contemporaneous events in England appended to at least half the chapters, a series of maps, and many footnotes. The latter are practically all biographical sketches of the briefest sort, so that the student escapes any great personal effort. Indeed, the general plan of the volume seems to be to offer the greatest amount of facts with the least possible effort to acquire them. One may question whether history so carefully predigested and tabulated is likely to appeal strongly to the student. The method doubtless makes for rapid acquisition, but facts easily acquired are often relatively difficult of retention, unless the presentation is unusually forcible and vivid. The book will unquestionably be valuable as a convenient reference work, thanks to the supplementary tables and diagrams, and to its very complete index.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Elizabeth Gibson (now the wife of the distinguished Biblical scholar, Prof. T. K. Cheyne of Oxford University) is the author of numerous booklets, very attractively printed, in both prose and poetry. They range in size from 30 to 40 pages. These are not essays or narratives, or sketches, but collections of brief statements: suggestions and meditations, — with fine spiritual insight,—helpful thoughts respecting life, full of wisdom and comfort. The style is beautiful and the teaching uplifting. These are some of the titles: "Fruits of the Valley," "Blossoms of Peace," "Welling of Waters." They may be had of the author, 17 Parke Road, Oxford. Some American publisher would do well to handle them, as they are admirably calculated to be used as gift booklets.

The many striking poems on President Lincoln offer a tempting field to the anthologist, and Mr. A. Dallas Williams has made a creditable and interesting collection, issued by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., with the title "In Praise of Lincoln." It contains, as far as we have noted, all the best-known poems on Lincoln that have appeared, with others that readers will be glad to have in this association. The poetic level of the volume is on the whole surprisingly high.

Mr. Charles Welsh, the veteran editor and author, whose books for children now number two hundred titles, starts bravely on his third hundred with a volume for the present season entitled "Stories, Books, Plays, and Biographies." It is a portly volume of some 500 pages, containing stories of all nations, the hero and folk stories of all ages, stories of the famous plays, stories of the famous books, and stories of the world's great men and women.

Chicago's educational facilities in the form of schools and colleges and universities, libraries and museums, art galleries, music societies, lecture associations, culture clubs, and numerous other organizations, form the subject of an eighty-page illustrated pamphlet, "Educational Opportunities in Chicago," prepared and freely distributed by the Council for Library and Museum Extension, of which Mr. N. H. Carpenter of the Art Institute is president, and Mr. Aksel G. S. Josephson of the John Crerar Library is secretary.

With the appearance of "Aglavaine and Sélysette," the Dodd, Mead & Co. series of translations from Maeterlinck is virtually complete. Nothing need be said at this time of Mr. Alfred Sutro's well-known and generally admirable gift of translation. To this latest volume in the series Mr. Sutro has prefixed a chapter of gossip and enthusiasm that is highly entertaining (thanks to his boundless gusto) rather than thoughtful. "Pelléas" is "that rare little masterpiece," the "Blue Bird" is profound "without puzzling or bewildering either adults or children"; "Aglavaine and Sélysette" is epitomized in the sentence, "Ah, the strange, pathetic little play, so full of beauty and tenderness!" and "contains a heart-rending scene as effective as any other in all literature." One is compelled to agree with Mr. Sutro's modest avowal that he possesses "no sort of critical faculty."

Mr. Bolton Hall has written a garrulous book on "Sleep" which at all events will not keep the reader unduly awake. "The Gift of Sleep" (Moffat, Yard & Co.) is a case of a book made to the order of an interest unsupported by insight or special knowledge. The theme is treated discursively, digressively, and divertingly; yet it may well be doubted whether there is any need of or demand for this manner of treatment of this type of subject. The treatment extends beyond its primary topic to include general advice of the "Don't worry" order, embodying the superficial optimism in favor with those unaware of the antiquity of "new" thought. The seeking of bliss in ignoring and in ignorance will presently spend its force; and the enduring values of knowledge will assert their unlapsed claim. Under such auspices we shall have better advisory counsel on the conduct of waking occupations and of recuperation alike.

Notes.

King George V. is to enter the ranks of authorship with a volume of public addresses soon to be published under the title, "The King to His People." The volume is to include the celebrated "Wake up, England!" speech.

A hitherto unpublished story by Balzac, entitled "L'Amour Masque," has recently been discovered. The manuscript was given by Balzac to his friend the Duchesse de Dino, and it has since then been preserved among the papers of the family.

The authorized publishers of Francis Parkman, Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., announce for early publication a pocket edition of the complete works, in twelve volumes, bound in limp morocco and illustrated with photogravure frontispieces and maps.

Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan, whose "Garibaldi and the Making of Italy" was issued recently by Messrs. Longmans, intends shortly to publish a collection of poems dealing with the Liberation of Italy, under the title "English Songs of Italian Freedom."

Messrs. Crowell republish a work by Mr. Ralph Waldo Trine, strangely disguised as to its title—which becomes "En Harmonio Kun la Eterneco"—and correspondingly transformed as to its text. Mr. Frederick Skeel-Giörling is the magician who has wrought this linguistic incantation.

"Democratic England," by Mr. Percy Alden, M.P., is announced by the Macmillan Co. It is a succinct statement of the present position of all of the more important social problems confronting the British electorate to-day. Mr. Alden writes from his own experience and investigations.

The first volume of Mr. George Moore's autobiographic work, "Hail and Farewell," deals with his life in Ireland, of people the author met there and on the continent, and his attitude toward England during the past seven years. Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. will issue the work in this country.

William Clark Russell, the famous writer of sea-stories, died on the 8th of this month, in London. He was born in New York City in 1844, but his life was passed chiefly in England. The list of his sea-stories is long, "The Wreck of the Grosvenor" being perhaps the one most widely read.

The Pennsylvania Society of New York has nearly ready for publication the Report of its Secretary, Mr. Barr Ferree, on the William Penn Memorial erected by the Society in London during the past summer. The volume will be handsomely illustrated, and will contain a full account of the elaborate dedication ceremonies conducted by the Society.

"South America of To-day," a study of conditions, social, political, and commercial, in Argentina, Uruguay, and Brazil, by M. Georges Clemenceau, formerly Prime Minister of France, will be published shortly by Messrs. Putnam. M. Clemenceau's book is sweeping in its scope, embracing as it does an account of the countries, their people, and their institutions.

An unusually interesting meeting of the Massachusetts Library Club was held at New Bedford, Oct. 25. The fine new building of the local public library, a structure costing $275,000, and apparently well worth the outlay, was the scene of the gathering, and its librarian, Mr. Howland Tripp, author of "In Whaling Days," delivered the chief address, on the subject, "Literature under the Whaling Industry." A clam-bake luncheon at Fort Phoenix, Fairhaven, and an inspection of Fairhaven's beautiful library, the gift of the late Henry H. Rogers to his native town, contributed no little to the pleasure of the occasion.

A "Viking Edition" of Ibsen, in thirteen volumes, is announced by Messrs. Scribner. It will be edited by Mr. William Archer, and the translations—his versions having been approved by Ibsen himself—are mostly by him also. Each volume contains introductory notes, explaining the circumstances of the writing of every play. The first two volumes are to appear this month.

Howard Pyle, the American artist and author, died in London, on the 9th of this month, at the age of fifty-eight. Mr. Pyle came early into notice as a magazine illustrator, in which field he developed a striking and characteristic style, especially in color work. He carried the same originality into the illustration of his own books, many of which were for children, and attained a wide popularity.

"New Poems by James I. of England," edited by Dr. Allan F. Westcott, Ph.D., Instructor of English in Columbia University, is an interesting announcement of the Columbia University Press. This volume will contain a complete collection of the King's poems not published during his lifetime. More than one-half of these are from an hitherto neglected MS. in the British Museum, and are now printed for the first time.

George Borrow's correspondence with the officials of the Bible Society, which sent him on that memorable tour of Spain to extend the sale of the Bible in that priest-ridden land, was discovered a few years ago among the Society's archives, and is to be published soon under the editorship of the Reverend T. H. Darlow, Literary Superintendent of the Society. New light on Borrow's picturesque personality is promised from these letters.

In the second posthumous work of William James, just issued by Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. under the title "Memories and Studies," is inserted a card from Mr. Henry James, Jr., announcing the collection of his distinguished father's letters for biographical purposes. "Casual or brief letters may have an interest or importance not apparent to the person possessing them," he says, "and news of the whereabouts of any of the late William James's letters will be gratefully received."

The rapid growth of the Harvard library in recent years is attested by the issue of a new edition of "Descriptive and Historical Notes of the Library of Harvard University," in the general series of "Bibliographical contributions," edited by the librarian, Mr. William Coolidge Lane. Twenty new subjects have been found worthy of notice in this later edition, which follows the earlier after only eight years; but even in that short time the library has grown by the addition of 164,000 volumes.

"The New York Medical Journal" of October 14 calls attention, editorially, to Planché's once popular play, "Not a Bad Judge," as containing in its hero, John Caspar Lavater (a character modelled after the German physiognomist of that name), a forerunner of Sherlock Holmes, whose exploits just now are being recalled in connection with the death of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's one-time instructor, Dr. Joseph Bell, who is supposed to have furnished the novelist with the first suggestion of his famous detective. That Planché, instead, gave this first suggestion is of course not impos-

sible, any more than it is impossible that Voltaire did so with his "Zadig," or any one of a number of writers on inductive philosophy. But Bell was nearer in time and space than anyone else named in this connection, and unless the author chooses to deny the allegation let us rest content with holding that Dr. Bell is the original of Sherlock Holmes.

Another legislative reference library has come into being. An offshoot of the St. Louis Public Library, to be known as the Municipal Reference Branch, and having quarters in the City Hall, lately opened its doors to the public. "With the establishment of the Municipal Reference Branch," writes Mr. Bostwick, the librarian, in a public letter, "no ordinance need be passed and no department of the city government need try any new scheme, measure, or device, without first having full knowledge of what other cities or corporations have done along similar lines, and with what degree of success." Mr. Jesse Cunningham, lately of the State Library at Albany, has charge of this new and promising department of St. Louis's excellent public library.

Boy-scout literature, such as can be found in nearly every public library of any size, or can be easily and inexpensively procured, forms the subject of a handy reading-list prepared by the St. Joseph (Mo.) Public Library. "Scouteraft," specifically, numbers a dozen volumes in this list, which continues with allied works classified under Woodcraft, Endurance, Camps and Camping, Indians and their Signs, First Aid to the Injured, Signalling, Electricity, Astronomy, Swimming, Fish and Fishing, Animals and their Tracks, Birds, Trees and Plants, Patriotism, Chivalry, Thrift and Good Temper, Stories for Scouts, and Good Magazine Articles. One hundred and twelve titles in all are contained in the list.

List of New Books.

[*The following list, containing 152 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

Autobiographic Memoirs. By Frederic Harrison. In 2 volumes, with photogravure portraits, 8vo. Macmillan Co. $7.50 net.

Memoirs of Theodore Thomas. By Rose Fay Thomas. Illustrated, 8vo, 584 pages. Moffat, Yard & Co. $3. net.

Recollections, Grave and Gay. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. 8vo, 386 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

Memories of Two Wars: Cuban and Philippine Experiences. By Frederick Funston, U. S. A. Illustrated, 8vo, 466 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3. net.

My Naval Career and Travels. By Sir Edward H. Seymour, Admiral of the Fleet. With photogravure frontispiece and other illustrations, 8vo, 444 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

Their Majesties as I Knew Them: Personal Reminiscences of the Kings and Queens of Europe. Translated from the original of Xavier Paoli by A. Teixeira de Mattos. Illustrated, 8vo, 367 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. $2.50 net.

Recollections of a Parisian, under Six Sovereigns, Two Revolutions, and a Republic (1789-1863). By Dr. Poumiès de la Siboutie; edited by his daughters, A. Branche and D. Dajoury, and translated from the French by Lady Theodore Davidson. 8vo, 422 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3. net.

Tolstoy. By Romain Rolland. 8vo, 321 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

Michael de Montaigne. By Edith Sichel. Illustrated, 8vo, 280 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

The Romantic Life of Shelley and the Sequel. By Francis Gribble. Illustrated in photogravure, 8vo, 387. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.75 net.

Life of James Cardinal Gibbons. By Allen S. Will. Illustrated in photogravure, 8vo, 428 pages. John Murphy Co.

The Early Literary Career of Robert Browning. By Thomas R. Lounsbury. 12mo, 212 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.20 net.

The Fair Ladies of Hampton Court. By Clare Jerrold; with introduction by Walter Jerrold. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo, 320 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $4. net.

Blucher, and the Uprising of Prussia against Napoleon, 1806-1815. By Ernest F. Henderson, Ph. D. Illustrated, 12mo, 366 pages. "Heroes of the Nations." G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

The Autobiography of Sir Henry Morton Stanley. Edited by his wife, Dorothy Stanley. New and cheaper edition; illustrated, 8vo, 568 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2. net.

HISTORY.

Diary of Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy under Lincoln and Johnson. With introduction by John T. Morse, Jr. In 3 volumes, illustrated, 8vo. Houghton Mifflin Co. $10. net.

The Glory that Was Greece: A Survey of Hellenic Culture and Civilization. By J. C. Stobart. Illustrated in color, photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 314 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $7.50 net.

Hellenistic Athens: An Historical Essay. By William Scott Ferguson. 8vo, 505 pages. Macmillan Co. $4. net.

With Napoleon at Waterloo, and Other Unpublished Documents of the Waterloo and Peninsula Campaigns; also Papers on Waterloo by the late Edward Bruce Low. Edited, with introduction, by Mac-Kenzie MacBride. Illustrated, 8vo, 262 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.75 net.

Social Forces in American History. By A. M. Simons. 12mo, 338 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

History of German Civilization: A General Survey. By Ernst Richard. 8vo, 555 pages. Macmillan Co. $2. net.

The Annexation of Texas. By Justin H. Smith. 8vo, 496 pages. Baker & Taylor Co. $3. net.

Historical Research: An Outline of Theory and Practice. By John Marvin Vincent. 12mo, 354 pages. Henry Holt & Co.

Between the Lines: Secret Service Stories Told Fifty Years After. By Brevet-Major H. B. Smith. Illustrated, 12mo, 343 pages. New York: Booz Brothers. $1.25.

A History of the President's Cabinet. By Mary L. Hinsdale, Ph. D. 8vo, 364 pages. "University of Michigan Historical Studies." Ann Arbor, Michigan: George Wahr.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

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